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TOPICS OF THE DAY

THE WAR IN BELGIUM

IT IS IN PERFECT keeping with the nature of the amazing war in Europe, observes the New York *Times*, that the first serious fighting should have been done "upon the soil of a neutral State between the forces of one of the belligerents and the troops of that State." And our writers confess to a thrill at the sight of the spirited resistance made by the Belgians against the powerful invader, and at thought of allied France, England, and Belgium fighting Germany on Europe's old battle-ground—the battle-ground, as the Brooklyn *Citizen* recalls, "of the armies of Louis XIV. and Marlborough, of the famous army of the Meuse and Sambre, of the Revolution, and, finally, of Napoleon's last stand against the might of Europe." Belgian resistance, in particular the defense of Liège, where the German armies are reported to have lost heavily before taking that strongly fortified "strategic" city, is interpreted by the newspaper experts as a serious check to the German advance toward Paris, and a serious disarrangement of German plans. Germany's Belgian campaign, asserts the New York *World*, "has been the most disastrous set-back that German arms have received since the time of Napoleon." Here *The World* speaks for a great number of its contemporaries. Yet the few censored dispatches from Berlin which have been allowed to cross the Atlantic admit a check at Liège, but deny French and Belgian stories of large German losses, and assert that these losses were anticipated, and that "the German forward movement continues along the very lines selected by the General Staff." And some of our editors are inclined to believe that the campaign in Belgium is but a "screen," to hide a serious forward movement elsewhere, either through Luxemburg, along the Franco-German frontier, or even in Eastern Germany, against Russia. While it agrees with other American dailies that the troops of King Albert have done France a mighty service in delaying the advance of the foe, the Charleston *News and Courier* concludes that the check is but temporary: "Unless the vaunted German Army is very far from being the formidable fighting machine which the world believes it to be, the Belgian defenses will be broken down and the Teutonic tide will pour through into the territory of France and roll mightily on toward Paris."

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.

Albert I., whose armies have shown remarkable efficiency and courage in checking the advance of Germany's invading host.

The complete absence of news from German headquarters, and the establishment of a censorship in London, Paris, Brussels, and in the field, prevent our editors from giving their readers any comprehensive review of what has happened in Belgium, or from forming any authoritative basis for conjectures as to plans of campaign. Along the French border south of Belgium numerous cavalry and infantry skirmishes are reported. One French force penetrated Alsace as far as Mühlhausen. But its operations, says the New York *Times*, "were achievements in the nature of exploration rather than of invasion." No one in this country knows the size of the armies now facing each other from

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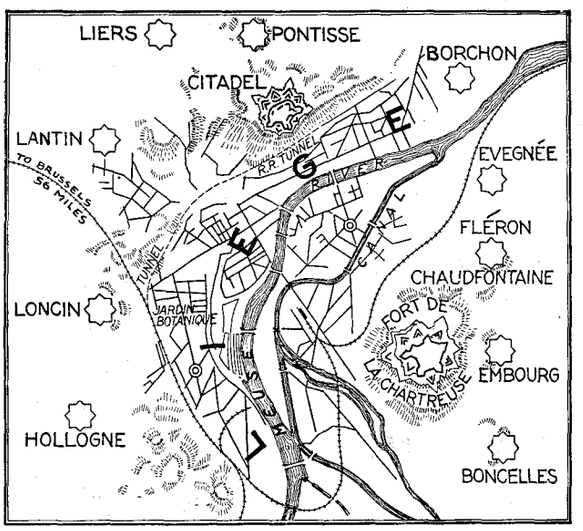
Louvain to Basel. The New York *Evening Sun*, which has been studying closely the strategy of the campaign so far as it is disclosed, thinks that besides 200,000 men watching the Russian frontier, Germany has some 800,000 men facing an approximately equal French defending force. Geographical conditions, it adds, "seem to compel the division of the German forces advancing into France, with three armies: the Army of the Meuse, which has already stepped over into Belgium and attacked Liège; the Army of the Rhine, which in some measure at least has been concerned in the Alsatian campaign; there remains the Army of the Moselle, whose advance guard invaded Luxemburg."



From the New York "Herald."

LIÈGE AND HER FORTS

Liège is a valuable prize of war, because of its strategic location, because it is Belgium's chief center for the manufacture of railroad equipment, and because of its great arsenal. Twenty thousand people are employed in its manufactories of firearms, making every kind of modern weapon, from the smallest to the largest. It lies in an area rich in iron ore and coal and, according to report, possesses a military strength that had been underestimated by strategists.

In Belgium, where the opposing forces have come into contact, at Liège and at points north, south, and west, *The Evening Sun* estimates the allied force at not less than 350,000 men; about 250,000 French, 80,000 Belgian, and 20,000 British.

It is the prevailing press opinion in this country that Germany first showed her hand in Belgium in the hope of stealing a march on the French by getting across Belgian territory and moving into France either along the Meuse and the Sambre or across the plains to the west. Thus the German Army would avoid the line of French fortresses from Verdun south to Belfort, and crush the French Army and threaten Paris before the slow-moving Russian forces menaced Prussia. The New York *Evening Sun* reviews the actual operations in Belgium as follows:

"To begin with the Liège operations, the most considerable so far. On Monday, August 3, German soldiers, evidently an expeditionary corps, kept ready for a sudden, swift invasion of Belgium, crossed their own frontier near Aix-la-Chapelle and moved on Liège. They were in front of Liège on Tuesday. The obvious purpose of this invasion, as the German official statement has explained, was to seize the town by a *coup de main*.

"The attempt failed, and German official reports do not claim that German troops entered the city until Friday night. Confused stories of bloody battles and terrific losses have come from Brussels, but should be accepted under great reserve. What is vital is the comment of the German War Office that there was a delay due to the resistance of Liège."

According to the best information available, the battle was prolonged by some of the forts, at least, after the capture of the city. This review of the now historic "resistance of Liège" concludes:

"To sum briefly, then: the German offensive by the Meuse seems to have been seriously delayed and then deflected, giving the French time to seize the Meuse barrier and the English to land troops on the Continent. Instead of being in France now with their army ready for a decisive struggle, the Germans are still in Belgium and around Liège. . . . . .

"All this is wholly explicable as the consequence of the unexpected resistance of the Belgians. They and they alone seem to have brought the huge German machine to a halt, to have at the very least delayed it for five precious days, whose real value may prove incalculable. But so far the Franco-German operations have been trivial and the main German advance is yet to be reckoned with, either between the Meuse and the Moselle or west of the Meuse in the Belgian plain where, perhaps, the fate of Europe will again be decided."

Belgian dispatches telling of German soldiers suffering from lack of food at Liège are taken by the New York *Herald* and Philadelphia *Record* as showing that the German Army expected to march through Belgium without serious resistance, getting its supplies as it went along, hence the reported failure of the commissariat. Tho the New York *Evening Post* wonders if it is not a sign of weakness in the German military machine, "just as the reports of charges in solid masses on heavily armed forts indicate a failure to bring the German battle tactics up to date." The chief authority for the use of such tactics by the Germans is a correspondent of the London *Standard*, to whom a fugitive from the German Army related how "we advanced always in close formation . . . while the rifle-fire of the Belgians mowed down our men in dozens, scores, hundreds."

At any rate, thinks the Minneapolis *Journal*, "Liège proves to the hilt what already had been demonstrated by the war in South Africa and the war in Manchuria, that with modern arms of precision, the long-range rifle, the machine gun, and scientifically sighted artillery, the offense is inferior to the defense." And the New York *World* remarks: "Perhaps it will not be an ill turn for mankind if the final lesson of Liège is the great advantage of defensive positions to the discouragement of wars of aggression."

WAR AND OUR MERCHANT MARINE

A CONFLICT ALL OUR OWN over the revived issue of the merchant marine is precipitated by the war in Europe. One week of war, as *The Wall Street Journal* notes, ties up shipping in our ports to the value of $700,000,000, while the New York *World* (Dem.) reckons that 80 per cent. of the foreign carrying capacity of our ocean commerce is "out of service," which prompts it to say of the Administration's emergency shipping bill that "no measure could be better timed to the moment and the need." The bill, as Washington dispatches report, chiefly provides for the admission "to registry in the United States foreign-built ships when owned by citizens of the United States or any State." The Chicago *Tribune* (Prog.), among many others, believes that "now is the time to put the American flag back on the seas. . . . Not by the faulty method of subsidy," but by making it "possible for American money to take over foreign-built ships and make them American ships." Europe's need of our products is "our great opportunity," *The Tribune* points out, and as the Civil War destroyed our shipping, it ventures to hope that "what we lost in war we may gain in war." Opposition papers, even when they are willing to try the experiment of the bill censure the Democrats of the South and West for having in the past fought against ship-subsidy proposals, and the Democrats in reply blame the Republicans for restrictive laws that prevented the admission of foreign-built ships to our merchant navy. Severest adverse criticism of the present bill is heard from New England. The Boston *Herald* (Ind.) says that "Boston does not approve the form or method of the bill in Congress for the emergency 'whitewashing' of foreign vessels, most of them now under belligerent flags," and

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So, too, thinks the Boston *Transcript* (Rep.), which tells us to "beware of 'whitewashed' ships," and points out that:

"International law and practise absolutely forbid the evasive transfer of foreign merchant ships to another national flag after the actual outbreak of hostilities. The American delegates advocated and accepted such an agreement in the London conference of 1909. A law has been upon the nation's statute-books for nearly two years allowing American registry for the overseas trade to all efficient, seaworthy foreign-built ships less than five years old owned and controlled by American citizens. Not one ship of any kind has hoisted the American flag under the terms of this free-ship policy, which, under normal trade conditions, has been proved to be wholly ineffective. If any foreign vessels are now admitted to American registry under such a plan as the President proposes, the very act will of itself be an acknowledgment that the motive of the transfer is a desire to escape capture, and a ship thus 'whitewashed' will be held an outlaw all over the world. It will be particularly liable to attack and confiscation, and if our Government endeavors to defend it in defiance of the soundest principles of international law and morality, we shall find the whole world arrayed against us."

Considering the prospect of building up our merchant marine simply from an economic standpoint, the Chicago *News* (Ind.) questions whether "merely opening the way for foreign vessels to register under our law" will be sufficient, "especially if the registry is to be but temporary, the ships seeking another flag to sail under as soon as the present war is over," and we read in the Norfolk *Virginian Pilot* (Dem.) that:

"The additions to our merchant tonnage which would follow upon the letting down of the bars against foreign-built and foreign-owned bottoms would naturally be more or less temporary. Upon the restoration of peace in Europe, or shortly thereafter at best, the vessels which had come under the American flag as a matter of emergency, would return to the respective registries under which they originally operated—and this for the same reasons which now induce American-owned bottoms engaged in the foreign trade to sail under foreign flags, chief of which is the notoriously cheaper cost of operation under such flags."

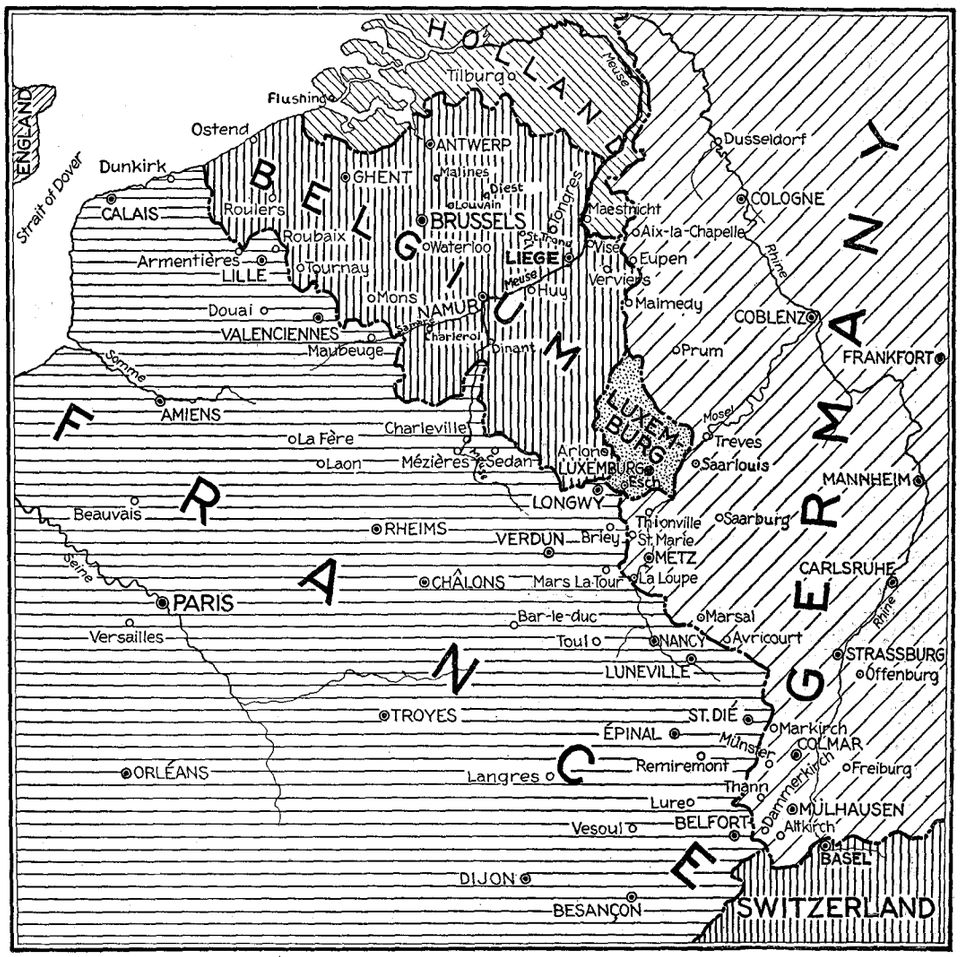
So also the New York *Evening Mail* (Prog.) says that "we do not want a merchant marine stamped 'good during war-times only'"; but the Springfield *Republican* (Ind.), which is one of the journals that believes we should take due advantage of our present opportunity, disposes of this argument, and the many like it, as follows:

"Criticism is made by those who have sought in earlier years to develop our marine through obnoxious subsidies that when the war is over our newly registered ships will return to other flags. That is assuming much and overlooking more. It will not do to forget the burden of taxes which the war will leave in its train. There lies before us an article written just a year ago in the *Berliner Tageblatt* by a German captain, who pointed out that the burden of European taxes was making it possible for the United States to build ships more cheaply than her rivals. When the war is done Europe's burden will be heavier still and economic conditions will be changed in many ways."

Nor does *The Republican* share the fear that the transfer of foreign vessels to American registry may involve the United States in serious international complications. We may be sure, it thinks, that government officials will "exercise the most scrupulous care in admitting to registry only such vessels as now belong to, or may formally be purchased by, American citizens or American corporations duly chartered," and it goes on to explain that:

"No one, we take it, would be so absurd as to doubt the validity of the transfer to our flag of vessels belonging to such companies as the United Fruit and the United States Steel Corporation, which, altho built, owned, and operated by American capital, have sailed under other flags because of the burdens of our registry laws. . . . The suspension or annulment by order of the President of the requirement that ships of American registry must be officered by Americans would make it possible for these ships to continue to operate with their present personnel, for it would be obviously impossible to find at a moment's notice American officers sufficient in number and adequate in training for the command of a large number of vessels.

"The case of foreign ships which have been neither owned nor operated by American citizens and corporations, but which may be taken over by them, may be less clear than that of the numerous vessels of the Steel Corporation and the United Fruit Company. But it seems doubtful that any complication can arise over a bona-fide sale, and, aside from the interests of the United



TWO HUNDRED MILES OF BATTLE-LINE.

From Altkirch and Belfort at the south to Louvain and Diest at the north, German and Austrian troops are facing Belgian, British, and French soldiers, and along this line the first battles of Europe's great war are taking place.

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A GERMAN FIELD BATTERY ON THE MARCH.

States, it will be well for the peace and commerce of the world to have this principle well established by a conspicuous instance."

As for molestation on the high seas, *The Republican* considers that "none of the warring Powers, burdened as they are, will seek difficulties with the United States." The New York *Commercial* (Fin.), mincing no words on the subject, asserts that "if countries now at war dispute this right" to buy foreign ships and give them registry, "we will have to go to war with them just as we did in 1812, and the surest thing in all this welter of confusion and blood is that no Power in Europe will seek war or even a rupture of diplomatic relations with us." The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* (Ind.), among many other journals of like conviction, says that "this is no time for mollycoddles, and least of all a period when Americanism should hesitate to vindicate its rights and place in the world," and it continues:

"We must not shilly-shally. . . . We sell to all nations; we shall buy from all nations. We have no desire to save belligerents' ships from the consequences of war. We have no plan to sail them under false colors. We merely mean to buy what is on the market, no matter what the nationality of the seller, for no other reason than that we need the carriers. Our first obligation is to ourselves. We have no chip on our shoulder, and the world knows we have not."

NEUTRALITY AND CONTRABAND

THE RISK WE RUN of being dragged into Europe's war is no "idle dream," in the judgment of some editors, and the St. Louis *Globe Democrat* issues the warning that "it would be unwise to delude ourselves with the notion that a mere declaration of neutrality issued in a spirit of equal friendliness for all combatants can wholly safeguard us against the possibility of evils which may touch us, nearly or remotely, as the result of continuing hostilities." If the war is prolonged, thinks this journal, "the desperation of the combatants reaching to seizures on land and sea, either for points of tactical advantage or for any of the many commodities now listed as contraband, might easily lead us into complications with one or more of the warring powers." Such a possibility is remote, we read further, so long as we remain absolutely impartial in our neutralities, which is "what the public opinion of this country will demand." Complications of some sort are bound to ensue, the Baltimore *News* believes, "for our relations with each country, if advantageous to her, are as distasteful to her enemies," and it tells us in advance that "we must expect attempts at abuse of our neutrality, and we must fight as desperately to guard it against the slightest infraction, intentional or otherwise, while still offering to each of the warring Powers the hospitable consideration of a friendly nation." In explaining "what American neutrality means," the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* points out that the President's proclamation "makes it clear that no expeditionary force against any of the European belligerents may be organized within the territory of the United States," and it adds:

"War-ships may not be fitted out, and the equipment of privateers is forbidden, as well as the use of American waters for spying on war-ships, privateers, or merchant vessels of the belligerents. Such spying will be regarded as an unfriendly act by the United States, and an offensive violation of neutrality. But under the law of nations, privateers and war-ships may sail the high seas in our waters, that is, may hover along our coasts so long as they remain three miles from land. That limit, according to the American contention, is measured from headland to headland and not along the indentations of the coast.

"Belligerent war-ships may use our harbors, however, without violation of neutrality so long as they remain only 24 hours, unless they are forced to remain longer by stress of weather or by taking on supplies. They may take on only such supplies as will sustain the crew and the ship to the nearest home port. Munitions of war may be manufactured and sold here, but if an attempt is made to deliver them to a belligerent outside of American jurisdiction, he who makes the attempt does so at his own peril and forfeits the right to claim protection by this Government."

A later proclamation of the President establishes a precedent, according to the New York *Times*, "which will presumably govern the use of wireless in future wars." It followed upon the report that German-owned wireless telegraph stations in the United States have been sending information and orders to German ships at sea, and states that "all radio stations within the jurisdiction of the United States of America are hereby prohibited from transmitting or receiving for delivery messages of an unneutral nature, and from in any way rendering to any one of the belligerents any unneutral service during the continuance of hostilities."

"Overzealous efforts to avoid breaches of neutrality," says the Boston *Herald*, may lead the Government into "unneutral conduct," an observation suggested by the report that officials at Washington are said to be considering the prohibition of the exportation of wheat which Great Britain classes as conditional contraband, and it calls attention to the fact that "if Great Britain won a great sea victory, so that trade routes to her ports were open, it would be a gratuitous aid to the other side to cut off the grain trade with England." The whole subject of contraband, *The Wall Street Journal* remarks, "is not free from difficulty." It recalls that in 1909 ten leading maritime Powers entered into an agreement defining articles of contraband:

"They made three classifications—absolute and conditional contraband, and a free list not liable to seizure. . . . Absolute contraband means all goods designed solely for military use, like arms and ammunition, if destined for a place within the jurisdiction of a belligerent. . . . Conditional contraband means articles which can be used both in peace and in war, but whose ordinary use is innocent."

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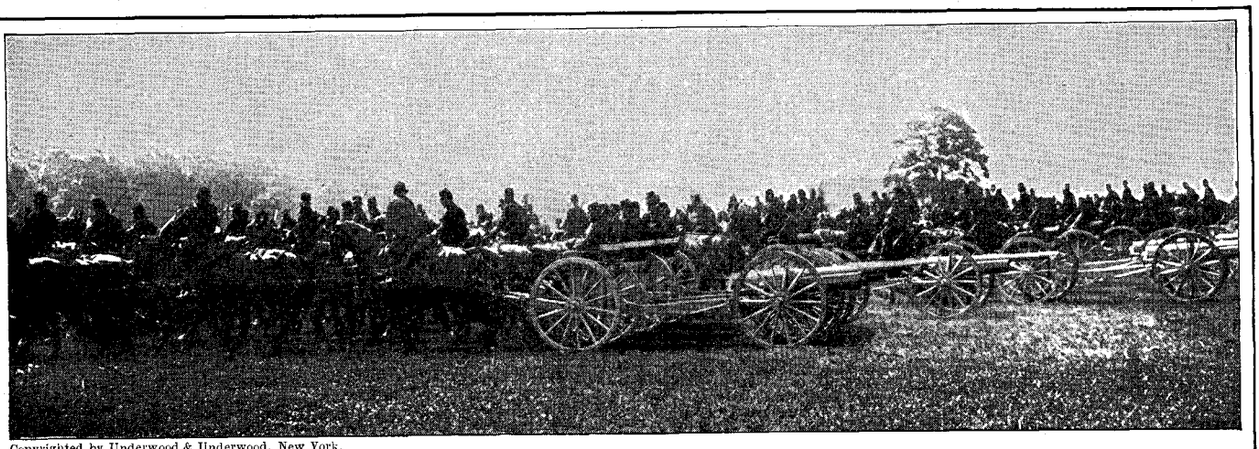

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A DIVISION OF FRENCH FIELD ARTILLERY.

BLAMING GERMANY FOR THE WAR

BITTER PROTESTS are coming from German newspapers, German societies, and many German Americans of high standing among us against what they declare to be unfair treatment by the newspapers of this country. They complain of anti-German editorials, of "abysmal ignorance concerning German conditions," and of suppression or obscure display of news favorable to Germany. Our editors find no difficulty in acquitting themselves of blame for unfairness in handling the news, replying that practically no military information is allowed to leak through the German frontiers, and that practically all our press reports undergo a censorship in Brussels, Paris, or London before reaching us. But when blamed for anti-German sentiments, many editorial writers hasten to make a distinction between the German people, whom they highly honor, and the German Government, which they hold primarily responsible for a general European war. And this position is one which weeklies like *The Outlook*, *The Independent*, and *Harper's Weekly* hold, tho they are careful to present the German viewpoint. Most spokesmen for Germany, however, reject such efforts to distinguish between the rulers and the nation, and reiterate, in a series of letters and statements to the press, their view of the war as one forced on Germany or as a necessary conflict between Slav and Teuton, the latter, of course, standing for civilization. They agree with the Kaiser that the war is "the result of ill will existing for years against the strength and prosperity of the German Empire." Who are the real aggressors? asks Professor Kuno Francke. Can William II., who has devoted his whole life to bringing Germany to the front in all the arts of peace, all the higher domains of civilization, "reasonably be supposed to have been carried away by the suicidal mania of destroying everything that his life has stood for?" Can Germany be reasonably thought to have wilfully brought on a conflict which, even if she wins, "can add nothing to her present greatness, and which may wreck her whole national existence?" Finally:

"Is there any reasonable doubt that Germany's three chief competitors, Russia, France, and England, have each her own incentive for an aggressive policy against Germany? England, the incentive of crippling German commerce; France, the incentive of reconquering Alsace-Lorraine; Russia, the incentive of undermining German commercial influence in the Near East and of supplanting Austria in the Balkans."

Similar statements are made by Professor Hugo Münsterberg in a widely quoted letter to the Boston *Herald*. The Kaiser, he points out, has often averted war. But—

"This time every effort was in vain, and all good will for peace was doomed because the issue between the onrushing Slavic world and the German world had grown to an overpowering force. The struggle between the two civilizations was imminent, and where such a historic world-conflict arises, the will of individuals is crusht until they serve the will of the nations. The Slavs of the Southeast, the Servians, had defeated their oppressors, the Turks. It was inevitable that their new strength should push them to ambitious plans. It was necessary that they should aim toward a new great Slavic empire which would border the sea and embrace Austria's Slavic possessions. That had to mean the end of Austria, the crumbling of its historic power. Such an inner, passionate conflict, such an issue of existence, must lead to explosions. Servians kill the Archduke. That was Austria's opportunity for an effort to crush the power which aimed toward its downfall. But it was no less historically necessary that the largest Slavic nation, the Russians, should feel that Servia's cause was their own. Russia knew well that while it had recovered from the wounds of the Japanese War, the Slavic strength was still unequal to that of the German nations, but it knew also that it could rely on France's latent longing to revenge itself for Alsace, and on England's grumbling jealousy of the great German rival in the world's markets. At last the chances seemed splendid to strike the long-delayed blow of the Slavic world against the German. The Czar was unable to resist the gigantic pressure of the hour; his Government mobilized against both Austria and Germany."

In this situation, Professor Münsterberg goes on, "neither Russia nor Germany could really act otherwise." But in the conflict between Slavic and Germanic culture, he protests, American sympathies ought not to be so "wilfully misled" and "whipt into the camp of the Cossacks." "Since the days of Napoleon," it is asserted, "Germany has never gone into a war which was more justified by the conscience of history." The writer points to the joining of the allies against Germany as proof that Germany has had to keep armed, for she "would have trampled on her own sacred rights if she had laid the armor away and had relied on the judgment of the other nations. . . . Unless the Cossacks with their pogroms were to crush the culture of Germany, she had simply no resort left but to trust in her sword and in her prayer."

Another German, in a letter to the New York *Evening Post*, describes the situation of his country by saying that "here were three cowardly assassins entering into a combination to attack and destroy a nation which neither of them had the courage to attack single-handed."

The repeated statement in the American press that the Kaiser and a Prussian military autocracy forced a war which the German people do not want is ridiculed by many Germans here. Take, for instance, these paragraphs from the New York *Staats-Zeitung*, perhaps the leading German-American daily:

"It is frequently stated here that the attitude of the American people is directed not against the German people, but against the Kaiser. He is the one to be 'defeated.' The intention is to 'free' the German people from the Kaiser and his régime. What

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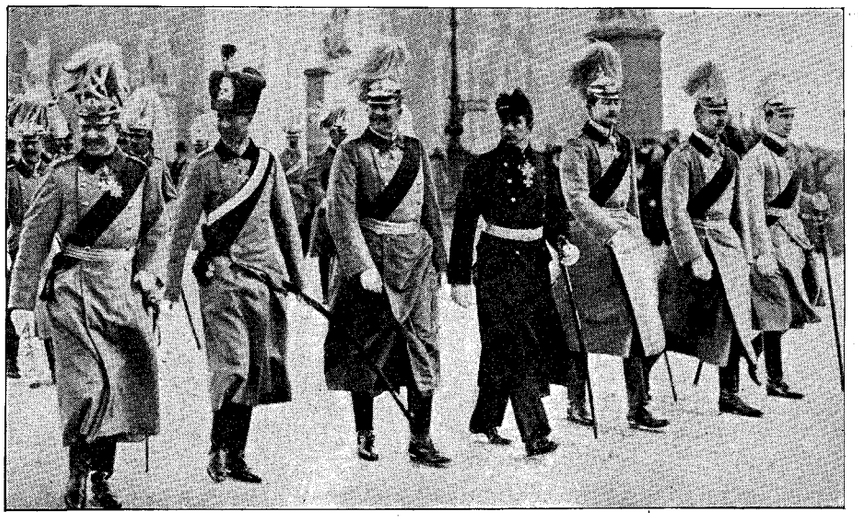
groundless folly! The Kaiser is good enough for the German people. Even the Socialists have shouldered their guns. . . . . .

"You can not separate the German Kaiser from the German people. It will be in the interests of both countries to avoid any permanent disarrangement of the friendly feeling between the German and American people."

Professor Ernst Richard, of Columbia University, President of the German-American Peace Society, heads a German-American committee of protest against the attitude of the American press. He argues that Germany is not an autocracy, that her army is "a citizens' army" for national defense, and says of the Kaiser: "I have been often assured by German working men that the people, by a free vote, would vote for the Kaiser and against having a republic." And he plainly informs our editors that "it will take a long time and strong proof of good will before Germany and Austria will forget for which side the American public stood in this, their fight for the defense of the Western world against Muscovitism and all that it implies."



THE KAISER AND HIS SIX SONS IN UNIFORM.

These protests from our German fellow citizens are quite justified, in the opinion of the Milwaukee *Free Press*, which has "gone through our exchanges since the beginning of this war in an endeavor to find a just and reasonably correct representation of Germany's position," and has "not found one." The Chicago *News*, Boston *Traveler*, and Hartford *Times* fear that we are making up our minds hastily and without sufficient knowledge about Germany's position, and that public opinion here may be unwarrantably inflamed against the Kaiser. A Socialist daily, the New York *Call*, finds one cause of this "undeniable disposition to unload the responsibility for the war upon the Kaiser" in the feeling among business men that the German Fleet must be annihilated before the seas will again be open for commerce.

Turning now to the other side, we find Mr. Horace White writing to the Boston *Herald* that there is no prejudice or political feeling against Germany in this country, "but much that is favorable, and justly so." If, he says, "our opinions have undergone a change within a few days, it is due to the belief that if the German Emperor had simply sat still and done nothing, the present European war would not have taken place." With this statement, and the statement of the Paris *Temps* that the war is "a war of piracy," thrust upon the allies by Germany, many of our newspaper editors agree. And strong editorials expressing that viewpoint appear in papers like the Lowell *Courier-Citizen*, Brooklyn *Citizen*, and Philadelphia *North American*. The obsession that precipitated and supports the war is not confined to Germany's rulers, says the New York *Journal of Commerce*, but "has evidently extended to the mass of the subjects of the Empire and filled them with enthusiastic loyalty."

"It is the policy of blood and iron, of the mailed fist, of preparation for war as a means of preserving peace and dictating its terms, the militarism that has begotten a swollen pride and a brutal cast of loyal patriotism under a dominating power, which has bred this obsession that all the world is in arms against Germany, and that she must fight and conquer or die as a great Power of the earth."

Nevertheless a distinction is insisted upon by those who, like the Syracuse *Post-Standard*, see American sympathy generally felt "against the German Emperor—not against the German people," and they include, among newspapers, names like the Worcester *Gazette*, Rochester *Herald*, Springfield *Republican*, New York *Globe*, *World*, *Tribune*, *Times*, *Evening Post*, St. Louis *Republic*, Philadelphia *Press*, Baltimore *News*, and Salt Lake *Herald-Republican*. The New York *Times* endeavors at some length to prove that there is no newspaper prejudice against Germany. Our papers, indeed, have put upon the Emperor a large part of the responsibility for the war—

"They have remarked upon his remonstrances against Russian and French mobilization when, according to reports from many sources, reports confirmed by the direct statement of the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, mobilization within the Empire was moving swiftly forward. These things, after all, are only details, and possibly the American press is mistaken, tho its error appears to be shared by pretty much all the world not directly involved in the strife. What the American newspapers have more directly and emphatically condemned is the military system of Germany, the imperial system based upon immense military power, the autocratic form of government, the persistence in Germany, as in Russia and Austria, of the ancient doctrine of the divine right of kings, a monstrous absurdity in these modern times, a source of woes unnumbered to peoples who might be continuously happy, peaceful, and prosperous were the affairs of their governments in their own hands.

"Why should Germans who have sought homes in this Republic resent American criticism of European militarism and European absolutism?"

A similar argument appears in the New York *Evening Post*, which attempts to make a distinction between "the Germany of the mailed fist" and "the Germany of high aspirations and noble ideals, the Germany of intellectual freedom" and "spiritual leadership." This Germany is being plunged into war by "a Kaiser who vows that he rules by divine right." Now—

"The mighty commercial edifice erected by German enterprise and toil is already crashing to the ground. Ruin already claims tens of thousands. Germany's merchant fleet is being swept off the ocean. Her internal development is at an end; her schools and universities are idle; the whole nation is being brutalized and, through the hot haste of the Kaiser, Russia and France and Belgium as well. From now on its whole thought must be to shoot and kill people with whom ten days ago the country was at complete peace. It is to be for year to come the most hated nation in Europe. . . . Out of the ashes must come a new Germany, in which pure democracy shall rule, in which no one man and no group of professional man-killers shall have the power to plunge the whole world into mourning. If this be treason to Germany, our readers must make the most

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W. P. G. HARDING.

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WILLIAM G. M'ADOO,
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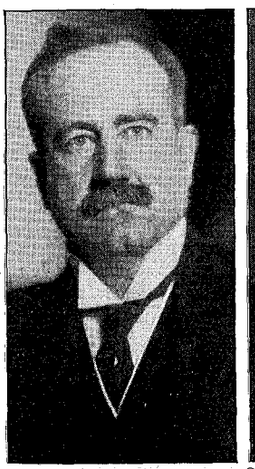
CHARLES S. HAMLIN,
Governor.



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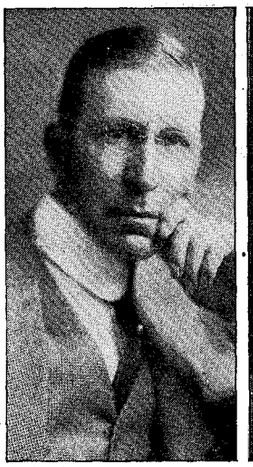
PAUL M. WARBURG.



Harris & Ewing.

ADOLPH C. MILLER. FREDERICK A. DELANO.

THE FEDERAL RESERVE BOARD.

of it. To our minds, it is of profound significance that so many Americans are saying to-day: 'We wish that the Kaiser might be beaten and the German people win.'"

"Not since the rise of the first Napoleon," says the Colorado Springs *Gazette*, "has there been an instance of a ruler so obsessed by the craze for military glory and imperial aggrandizement." And the New York *World* declares that "wantonly and deliberately the Kaiser has plunged his sword into the heart of civilization," and there can be only one answer to his challenge—

"German autocracy has made itself the enemy of mankind. Its destruction will be the emancipation of the German people themselves as well as the salvation of European republicanism."

THE RESERVE BOARD AT WORK

THE FINANCIAL MOBILIZATION of the United States to resist the strain imposed by the European war, remarks the Boston *Transcript*, will be greatly expedited now that the membership of the Federal Reserve Board is at last complete. For while the immediate financial strain has been met by the authorization of a billion dollars of emergency currency under the Aldrich-Vreeland Law, it is generally conceded by the press that the country will breathe more freely when such emergency issues are made unnecessary by the actual inauguration of the new banking and currency system provided for in the Currency Act of last December. Under the shadow of the war, Senatorial opposition to certain of the President's appointees largely subsided, and the confirmation of Paul M. Warburg and Frederick A. Delano finally cleared the way for the actual organization of the Board, which, it has been predicted, will be the most influential financial body in the world. The swearing-in of the members last week marked almost the last step in our transition to the new system. The organization of the reserve banks under the direction of the Reserve Board, according to Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo, can now be completed by October 1. Addressing the members of the Board immediately after they had taken the oath of office, Mr. McAdoo said:

"The importance of the Federal Reserve Board is not yet fully realized, I think, by the people of this country. It is our duty to make it understood and our business to thoroughly organize these banks and get them into effective operation at the earliest moment. I feel that by cooperative effort we are going to be able to make this system, in a short time, a bulwark against financial disaster, the basis for commercial development at home and for the expansion of our commerce abroad. The present crisis which has been precipitated by the European difficulties is already well in hand.

"Fortunately, this system having already been authorized by legislation, was a reassuring factor in the situation, and the fact that the Board was able to be confirmed and about to actually take the oath of office, and that these banks have been organized to a point where they can be put quickly into operation, has had a reassuring effect also."

And President Wilson, addressing the Board on the same occasion, thanked the members for the personal sacrifice involved in their service, and went on to say in part:

"Recently in the extraordinary circumstances now existing in the world at large, we have been obliged to resort to legislation intended for unusual circumstances, a resort which would not have been necessary if we had had the organization which you are now about to consummate and put into operation. I think it is very fortunate, therefore, that just at this time the country should feel that it has the instrument by which to do everything that it is necessary to do for itself in the way of the activity of the banking community without resorting further to extraordinary measures of any kind.

"I look forward with the greatest confidence to the result, because I believe we have devised a system which, tho novel in some particulars, is clearly adjusted to the circumstances of American industrial and commercial life; that has an element of local self-government in it which is quite consistent with the analogies of our political life and the habits of our regional life—for we have developed by regions, and there is reason why we should function by regions if the regions are drawn together in a common organization and with a common spirit and guidance. Therefore, to have just at this time of expanding life, and of critical life, an entirely suitable instrument will in itself be a reassurance; and not only a reassurance, but a distinct and consciously felt benefit to the country."

While the prevailing tone of editorial comment is one of

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satisfaction that the Board is at last completed, we hear an occasional voice raised in warning against too hasty a transition from the old system to the new. It is inadvisable to change financial horses, remarks *The Wall Street Journal*, while the whole world is struggling to keep its feet in the rapids. And in the New York *Journal of Commerce* we read that many prominent bankers, while welcoming the organization of the Reserve Board, "are strongly opposed to the immediate establishment of the reserve banks." For—

"Financial conditions, they say, are so unsettled—the security and commodity exchanges closed, the clearing-houses resorting to the old relief measure of issuing loan certificates, the Treasury Department generously permitting the taking out of large volumes of emergency currency and the foreign exchange market in an unprecedented condition of demoralization—that the introduction of a new banking system would manifestly add to the confusion already prevalent and cause more trouble for everybody concerned."

Many papers, on the other hand, are impatient for the speedy inauguration of the new system—a system which, as the Atlanta *Journal* sees it, "will stand as a mighty bulwark to American interests in the present crisis." "There will be universal rejoicing that the personnel of the Board is complete and that the organization of the new system can proceed apace," remarks the Washington *Times*, which goes on to say:

"It is just now of world-wide importance that the full power of American wealth, resources, and good fortune in a condition of peace shall be summoned to cushion the terrific shock that has come upon the world of business.

"The new system is not ideal, and it unfortunately must be given its first trial in a time of vast difficulty. But it is yet immeasurably better than what we have had before. If it shall work half as well as its sponsors have expected, it will make this country a safety-valve instead of a defective tube in the boiler that must carry the pressure of an unprecedented economic strain.

"Gold will be freer and easier to get in every corner of the world because of this new system of handling our huge stock of it. Specie payments will be the more easily maintained at Buenos Aires and at Tokyo, as well as in Europe. Our immense crops to feed the nations will represent no larger help to a stricken world than this measure of relief."

THE WAR IN BRIEF

THE Turk wonders who is unspeakable now.—*Washington Herald.*

IN case of invasion, a few long ladders are all Switzerland needs.—*Columbia State.*

SOME of these potentates signing "Rex" may yet change it to "wrecks."—*Washington Post.*

MOST of the leading Christian nations seem to have mislaid the other cheek.—*Washington Post.*

FROM all appearances, Austria-Hungary bitterly repents having thrown that stone.—*New York World.*

THE custom of kissing when they meet has been suspended among most European monarchs.—*Washington Star.*

THE most important question in orthography to-day is the spelling Elsass or Alsace.—*Springfield Republican.*

"THE worst has befallen," says the Boston *Transcript*, in this cruel war. The price of beans has risen.—*Springfield Republican.*

IF there are any naturalized Belgians in the country, this ought to be a good year for them to run for political office.—*Springfield Republican.*

AMONG other people who will be inconvenienced by the war, just think of the job Baedeker will have getting up to date again.—*New York Evening Sun.*

LIÈGE is a fortified position of far greater strength than is generally appreciated.—Encyclopedia Britannica, 11th edition. A "scoop" for the old reliable encyclopedia.—*Springfield Republican.*

AMERICANS abroad are strong for dollar diplomacy.—*Columbia State.*

IN Europe there is no such thing as the innocent bystander.—*Nashville Banner.*

THE French and German waiters returning as reservists should charge well.—*Columbia State.*

WE are inclined to believe that this will be the last great war until the next one.—*Boston Transcript.*

THIS European war suggests that maybe the white man's burden is the white man himself.—*Buffalo Courier.*

THE idea is that the Kaiser should have sat down amiably and let the allies gobble him up.—*Indianapolis Star.*

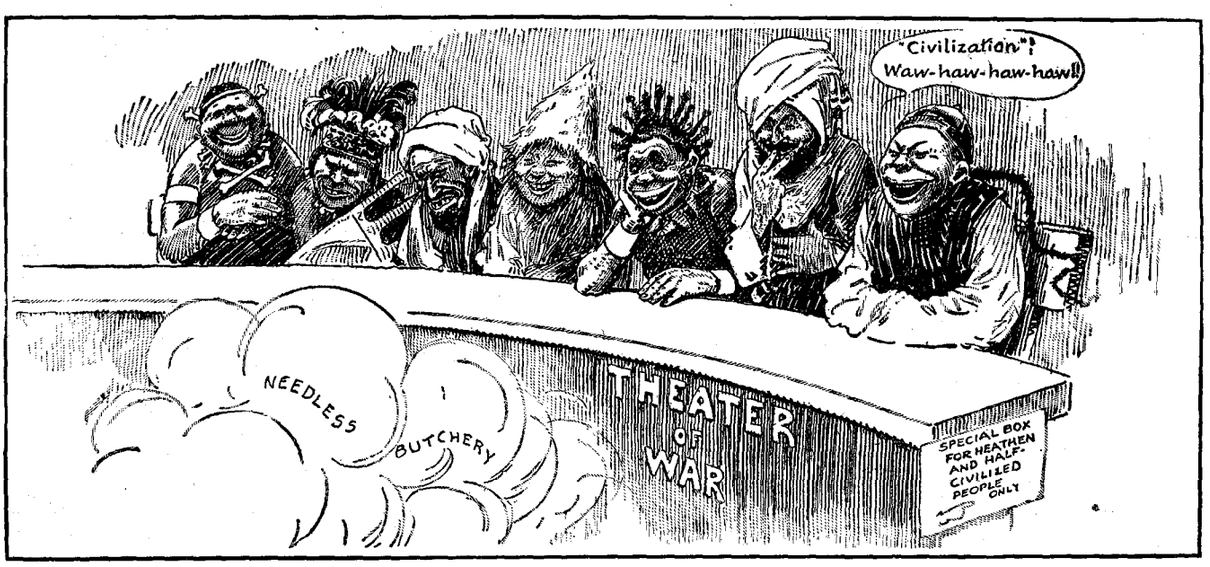
BRITAIN'S list of contraband of war seems to include almost anything it sees and is likely to want.—*Indianapolis Star.*

VACATION note: Mlle. Alsace Lorraine is preparing to return to her home in France after a long stay in Germany.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE Monte Carlo Casino succeeded in running several days longer than the London and New York Stock Exchanges.—*New York World.*

THE military aviator can go into action with that serene confidence that comes from the reflection that his profession is no more dangerous in war than it is in peace.—*Boston Transcript.*

BRUSSELS, August 8, 57 B.C. (Delayed in transmission) . . . *Horum omnium fortissimi sunt Belgae . . . proximique sunt Germanis, qui trans Rhenum incolunt, quibuscum continenter bellum gerunt.*—C. J. CÆSAR.—*New York Evening Sun.*



WON'T THEY BE EDIFIED!

—Bradley in the Chicago *News.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

BRITISH PRESS ON THE WAR

PARTY LINES VANISH when war appears, and we find the press of the British possession to the north of us united in a blaze of patriotism. Only a few days ago they were fighting about free trade, reciprocity, naval expenditure, and a preferential tariff, behind their own bulwarks, the flag of Borden waving on one side, that of Laurier on the other. It would appear, however, that on the question of the present European war, its expediency or necessity, party conflict is generally hushed from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The Canadians are at once united, and Ottawa votes $50,000,000 for the subvention of the British war-chest. The French Canadians are the most enthusiastic in joining the shout of the *Patrie* (Montreal): "When England is engaged in war, Canada is engaged in war." But the declaration of a Liberal organ that "Canada's place is by the side of the motherland" gives the Conservative *Herald* (Calgary) an opportunity for twitting the Liberal party with side-tracking Premier Borden's measure for adding Canada's quota to the British Navy. Thus runs the *Herald's* comment:

"Talk about nerve!
"What cant and hypocrisy!
"It is right, but, unfortunately, impossible for Canada to take her place beside the motherland on this occasion, and the reason it is impossible is because this same Liberal paper and its party prevented."

The Morning Chronicle (Halifax) speaks the mind of loyal Nova Scotia in the ringing words, "Canada will take her proper part in upholding the prestige and strengthening the hands of the mother country." "It is now or never with German militarist despotism," cries Laurier's most important organ, the Toronto *Globe*. This paper then proceeds to inveigh against such "appeals to party passion" as inflaming them against the Liberals, who checked Borden's naval policy. "If ships are purchased at all," says *The Globe*, they should be "fast armored cruisers," not added to the British Fleet, but used for "the protection of Canadian trade routes on this side." Of England's declaration of war this writer, after relating the preliminaries with which our readers are already acquainted, remarks emphatically, "Britain had no alternative." "The Emperor of Germany," declares the Toronto *Morning Star*, "is placing himself in the same position as Napoleon" once took as "the enemy of civilization," whose end was St. Helena. Great Britain is "sick and tired of the European insanity and plunges into war in the hope of putting the madmen in the madhouse." Equally condemnatory is the verdict of the Halifax (N. S.) *Herald*. Germany is declared accountable for a war which the Kaiser entered upon under false pretenses, and we read:

"In view of such facts, it is surely not possible to consider that Germany has gone to war merely because she is the ally of Austria.

"It is also surely plain enough that her reason for going to war as she has done was her determination to try military conclusions with France and naval conclusions with Britain.

"These were the things which Germany clearly sought, and now, as Sir Edward Grey is reported to have said, she should get what she sought to the full measure."

THÉOPHILE DELCASSÉ.

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GENERAL HORATIO HERBERT KITCHENER.

WAR MINISTERS OF FRANCE, GERMANY, AND ENGLAND.

"The world's menace," is the uncompromising description which the Toronto *Daily News* gives of the Kaiser's designs, and concludes:

"If Germany were to dominate, the feet of progress would be turned backward toward autocracy and oppression. She has kept mankind in anxiety long enough, and the world will breathe easier if the Kaiser's Navy can be sent to the bottom of the sea."

The same newspaper, which proclaims in another article, "we fight for the world," expresses a hope that the issue may result in the liberation of the German people as well as the victory of the allies:

"While anything but the ultimate defeat of Germany is unthinkable, there is one enormous gain which the German people ought to achieve from this war. It ought to mean for them the absolute overthrow of autocratic government. This is not a war originating with the masses of the German people. This is not a war waged by a people in the vanguard of civilization. It is a war waged by an autocrat, by a man who, clinging in mad

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desperation to the obsolete belief in the 'divine right' of kings, has held back the progress of his nation toward freedom, and kept it in a state of almost feudal servitude. Freedom and liberty, such as we know them in the British Empire, have never existed in Germany."

The bold and defiant spirit which animates the English people at home may perhaps be judged from the determined tone of the London press. In the judicious and unexcitable *Times* (London) we read: "'Now let everything go in' must be our motto, as it was the motto of our kinsmen across the Atlantic when all they held worth life was at stake. We must suffer much, but we shall suffer more for the great name of England and for all her high ideals as our fathers before us." "We mean to be worthy of our partnership with France," explains *The*

BETWEEN ALLIES.

"*Come to my heart, my Italy!*"
"To judge from the looks of your heart, I think I had better put on a special costume first." —*Fischietto* (Turin).

Telegraph, "where all men have assumed with undaunted spirit a burden heavier than our own." With trumpet voice *The Standard* reechoes: "War! They have chosen war with all stern confidence. Britain accepts the ordeal of battle. Never have we drawn sword with more reluctance; never with more resolute determination will we wield it with energy and effect." And *The Daily Mail* answers: "It is a great, splendid force which stands waiting the moment to engage in battle. With no haughty pride, but solemn resolve to be faithful to Nelson's last and noblest signal, it will face the shock of battle if the German Fleet forces the attack." *The Express* summarizes the matter in these terms: "Fighting must now go on until either Germany's power to intimidate Europe has been taken from her forever or until Britain has been beaten to the knees and can fight no more. We are fighting for our own existence as a great world Power."

The New York *Freeman's Journal*, considered to be one of the most representative organs of the section of our people who remember and resent the admitted injustice and rapacity which characterized England's rule in Ireland, warmly approves John Redmond's declaration in Parliament that "every British soldier in Ireland might be withdrawn to-morrow and her coast would be defended by her own armed sons—the Catholics of the South and the Protestants of the North." This advocate of Home Rule comments as follows:

"This is a patriotic utterance. . . . . .

"Ireland wants no 'change of masters.' As she objects to British rule, so would she to German or Russian or Austrian rule, or to any rule but Irish. Ireland for the Irish from the center to the sea, undivided and indivisible—that is the national motto and the national purpose, admitting of no alteration or compromise.

"And now that national object being all but an accomplished fact, Irish national self-government being practically on the statute-book, Ireland is ready to take charge of her own affairs, including national defense against any enemy outside or from within—guaranteed by 300,000 National Volunteers from South and North and East and West, and as many more as may be necessary.

"And under the direction and counsel of John Redmond and his colleagues of the Irish party, the elected and trusted representatives of the people, Ireland's 'war policy' may be confidently relied on as the best and wisest for Ireland."

ITALY EXPLAINS HER NEUTRALITY

AS A MEMBER of the Triple Alliance, which included Germany and Austria, the Government of Victor Emmanuel was naturally expected to join the forces of the allies and fight against France, England, and Russia. A sensation was caused when Italy proclaimed her neutrality and declined to mobilize. Even on this side of the water there were heard murmurs of disapprobation. This was the "unkindest cut of all," and we find in the last issue of the *Giornale dell' Italia* (New York) a very spirited article in which Italy's position is vindicated. Italy, we are told, had full right to remain neutral. She did so at a sacrifice and declined the bribe of Germany. To summarize this article:

"Italy has to-day refused the offers of territory made her by Germany on condition that she would take the field against France and England, just as in 1870 she refused the much more tempting offers made to her to induce her to join arms with Germany against the French. Italy has never gained any advantage from the Triple Alliance, and the conquest of Libya was accomplished in spite of the ill-concealed hostility of Austria and Germany."

Italy has many complaints to make against those who now desire her cooperation. To quote further:

"Many may be aware or have forgotten that while Italy was in the war with Turkey and England on one part and France on the other side, she was subjected to many impositions. Austria assumed an attitude of hostility in order to prevent Italy from striking a blow, as she was justified in doing, at her enemy in the latter's European possessions, a course of action which prolonged the war to our serious inconvenience and loss. Whoever may forget these circumstances, we never shall."

Nor is there anything tricky or crooked in Italy's neutrality. The Italians are no pupils of Bismarck, we are told:

"In spite of the circumstances referred to, Italian neutrality is not based on Machiavellian casuistry nor upon the cynical political philosophy of the 'Iron Chancellor,' nor upon the insincere reflection that the treaty was renewed somewhat prematurely and hurriedly in 1912, and is still binding. Italy is still observing its provisions when she refuses to participate in a war of aggression not contemplated in an agreement which is simply a defensive alliance. The malevolent have little consideration for us, but the friends of Italy should do us the favor of refraining from questioning the motives of the Italian neutrality."

The question of Italian neutrality is treated with the full knowledge of an experienced Italian statesman by Mr. Leonida Bissolati, of Milan, a deputy in the Italian Parliament. He writes in the *Progresso Italo-Americano* (New York), and supports the policy of King Victor Emmanuel, who has recently caused to be printed and put in circulation the text of the Triple Alliance Treaty which vindicates Italy's contention that it does not bind the parties concerned to any support of a war of aggression, but is merely a defensive alliance. Deputy Bissolati, in 1909, declared in the Assembly:

"What can the Powers of central Europe really demand of Italy? What, in fact, do they now ask? They can only ask what Italy is able to give, because they know it would be useless for our Government to make compacts which the Italian people would refuse to support. Italy is not able to give her promise of active participation in an Anglo-Germanic conflict in the sense of taking

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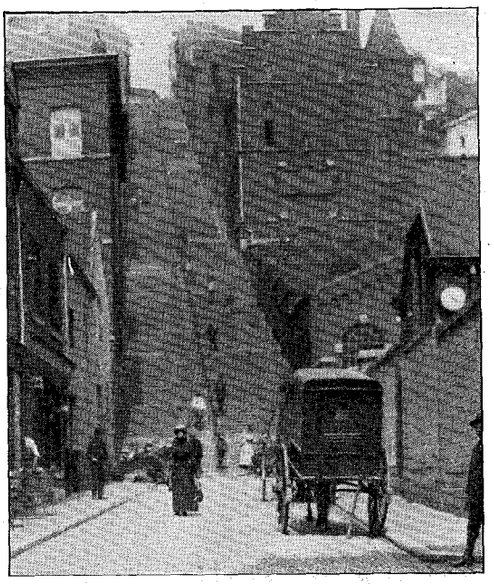
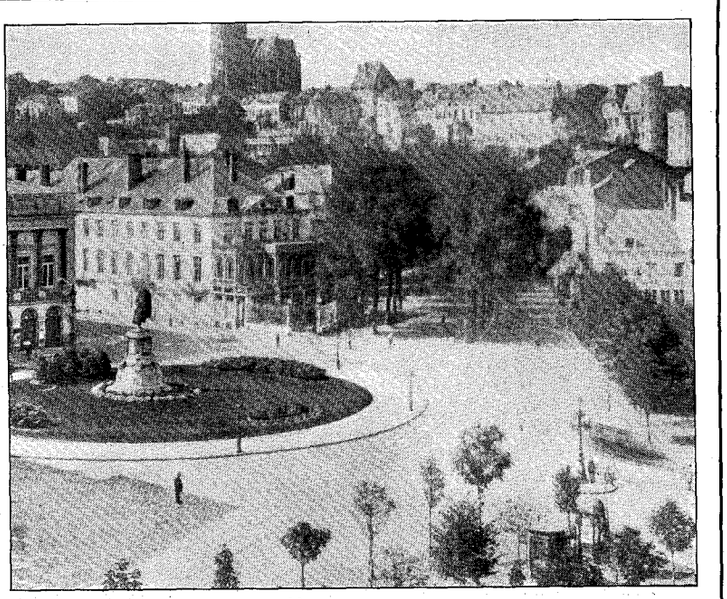


STAIRWAY LEADING TO THE CITADEL.



PLACE DU THÉÂTRE, THE CENTRAL SQUARE.

SCENES IN LIÈGE, THE BELGIAN CITY WHICH FIRST BORE THE BRUNT OF THE GERMAN ATTACK.

up arms against France or England. The Powers of central Europe have no authority for asking such a thing. Italy in turn is able to give a promise of not attacking them when war bursts out."

Mr. Bissolati thus states the proletariat view of Italy's treaty obligations:

"Italy is merely saving herself from being submerged by greater nations. But, it will be asked, is not Italy bound by the Triple Alliance? When Russia and France descended into the field of war did not the conditions in sight come under the provisions of the Alliance referred to? We are not going to discuss the question whether the Italian people are disposed or indisposed to keep compacts of which they have learned nothing. One thing is certain, the people of Italy govern themselves by nothing else but the consideration of their own interests and of their own predilections in acting either in conformity with or in opposition to the compacts signed by the Government."

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BEFORE A BELGIAN RECRUITING-OFFICE.

Such crowds as this one, outside the recruiting-office in the Belgian town of Roux, give an idea of the determination and heroism of the victims of invasion, of whom over 40,000 are reported to have volunteered since war with Germany was declared.

The writer emphasizes particularly the position which the Socialists have taken toward war in general, and especially toward any alliance which binds them to take arms under the leader of another country who is bent on a war of aggression. The Socialists are patriotic, or profess to be, and the only war in which they will take part is a war in defense of their own country and of their salvation as a unit among European people. To quote his words:

"The Socialists are unwilling to take up arms against an ally. The Socialists, moreover, have declared their sympathy with the Servian people, now threatened by Austria, but they do not believe that even the Servians should ask Italy for succor by taking action in arms against Austria-Hungary. The Socialists, like all popular parties, recognize the fact that the line for Italy to follow is that of neutrality toward those who neighbor on both the eastern and western frontiers of the land. They will not entertain the thought of mobilizing against Austria in favor of Servia, much less mobilizing against France in favor of Austria and Germany. In this way Italy discharges, as far as possible, the duties imposed upon her by the treaties, while she escapes being immersed in this vast conflict. . . . Italy can not but be interested in the struggle now going on, altho fortunate circumstances permit her at this time to maintain her neutrality. The neutrality of to-day may serve to give her opportunity to conserve her strength unimpaired in order that she may take her part to-morrow in insuring the rise of a better era for the people in Europe."

The *Secolo* (Milan) approves the decision of the Italian Government to keep hands off in the world-war of Europe, and condemns what it styles "Austria's usual system of perfidy and outrage." The dual monarchy, we are told, can not openly make war upon Italy under present circumstances, but revenges itself for the neutrality of King Victor Emmanuel by treacherously bombarding Antivari and Dulcigno. Italy is therefore advised to employ all its strength in protecting the coasts of the Adriatic, for the safety of which so many Italians settled there are deeply concerned. The article adds that the only motive for taking arms which would influence the people of the Peninsula would be a hope of recovering the former Italian provinces which Austria still holds.—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

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THE GERMAN PRESS ON THE WAR

IN THE ABSENCE of newspapers from Germany, we are fortunate in finding German opinion ably and abundantly represented by the German-American press. The criticism of their homeland as the aggressor in the great European conflict they hotly resent, and expect to see it answered by a German triumph. They quote with approbation the saying of Bismarck: "Our God will not permit the most obscure German to be conquered, much less a great country like Germany." Paris is spoken of as the goal which lies before the German Army after the capture of Liège. The difficulties attending that capture, we are told, were foreseen, and the New York *Staats-Zeitung* remarks:

"No one was so foolish as to suppose that the German troops would capture the Belgian stronghold of Liège at the first assault. This stronghold has lately been essentially strengthened and the several forts are constructed in the modern style. It was certain that the capture of this strong position was only possible at a heavy cost in bloodshed. But this sacrifice brought the first great German success of the war.

"It also proved to be the first blow dealt by Germany against France, opening the free march by the north into the land of the enemy. From Liège begins the first march to Paris."

THE WAR DRAMA

PETER (behind the scenes)—"Shall we not acknowledge our authorship to the public?"

NICHOLAS—"No. Our little drama must appear anonymously."
—*Simplicissimus* (Munich).

This same paper resents the somewhat severe criticism which has been dealt out by the press here and in London against the so-called German aggression. Germany has always acted with pacific generosity toward England, we are told. To quote further:

"While Germany has declared the war, she is not the aggressor. Germany has been the defendant ever since she claimed her place among the nations. Germany's revilers and evil-wishers have made life miserable for her for decades by calumnies and malicious public utterances against her.

"More than once Germany was tempted to take advantage of some other country, but she always resisted the temptation. When England was engaged in the Boer War Germany refused to take advantage of England's weakened condition. When England drove Russia into the Japanese War and brought an end of Russian aspirations, the loyalty of Germany for Russia, in return for her indirect assistance in 1870, went so far that Russia was able to withdraw her best soldiers from her western boundary.

"The Gordian knot has been cut and Emperor William has requested the people to pray that victory may come to the German arms. With the German battalions marches the good German conscience which has been mobilized with the troops."

The war policy of Germany is thus outlined by the *Chicagoer Volkszeitung:*

"We are well aware that England has strained every effort to obtrude itself into this quarrel. It is true that in England, as well as in Germany, there is a war camarilla which for years has been stirring up mutual bellicose hatred.

"They say: 'Germany is not so powerful on the sea as we are, we can destroy her fleet, we can seize her colonies. Let us not wait until it is too late.' English people are above all a calculating folk. They know what a war even under the most favorable circumstances must prove to be. It is true that for every single German war-ship two English ships are built. They are able to do this; they have the wherewithal and do not need a powerful standing army on shore."

A striking article in the evening edition of the paper cited above represents Germany as "fighting against the world." Germany will fight with "the back to the wall, like Frederick the Great." Then follows the enthusiastic outburst:

"Against the world! Counting upon its right to take the first place in the sunshine, a united Germany marches forth without fear of Tories or Socialists against the world's enemy. This is a titanic undertaking. Without any outcry it presses on to the fray. Silent, eager, with its mind made up, this Germany marches to the world-war which has been long expected and has been unavoidable, but which England undoubtedly as a war-proclaiming enemy has all along counted upon."

An outline of Germany's plan for the carrying on of the war is very plainly set forth by the *Westliche Post* (St. Louis). To quote from the editorial of this paper in speaking of Germany's present situation:

"Hemmed in between two hostile Powers, it must be Germany's first work as quickly as possible to subdue France, the weaker of these two enemies, and then to attack the other adversary. In such a situation as involves the very existence of the country many a treaty will be broken. The weak must naturally pay the price, even at the sacrifice of ethical consideration. An example has been set by the recent history of the United States in which reasons of state have overruled ethical considerations."

It is well worth noticing that the press of Austria-Hungary seemed as unconscious of the approaching cataclysm as the rest of us. Just on the eve of the war the *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna) remarked in a tone of protest:

"A great world-war would be such an absurdity, such a monstrous outcome from relatively trivial causes and such an exaction on peoples who, knowing nothing of Servia, would be asked to shed their blood for that unknown land, that any reasonable calculation of probabilities would yield only a slight percentage in favor of such an eventuality."

This paper subsequently lays all the blame for the war upon the Czar's reckless support of Servia, and we read:

"The older Nicholas, who made the Holy Alliance with Austria and Prussia, would never have engaged in such a war in support of Servia. A Czar who would let his army march to Servia's aid would not be a conservative. . . . A conservative ruler will not entertain such thoughts. He can not undertake a campaign for Servia the occasion for which was furnished by a crime."

Germany, on the other hand, lays the whole blame on Austria, and the *Berliner Tageblatt* remarks:

"The German Government announces that it neither caused nor influenced the Austrian ultimatum and, indeed, only became familiar at the very last moment with the contents of the Austrian note."

The Socialistic *Wahrheit* (New York) speculates thus:

"William's defeat would mean the downfall, not of Germany, but of German militarism. A German triumph would signify the end of Panslavism, but if Nicholas conquers it will be a misfortune for Russia and for the whole world. A Russian triumph would signify utter defeat in future for the Russian people."—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

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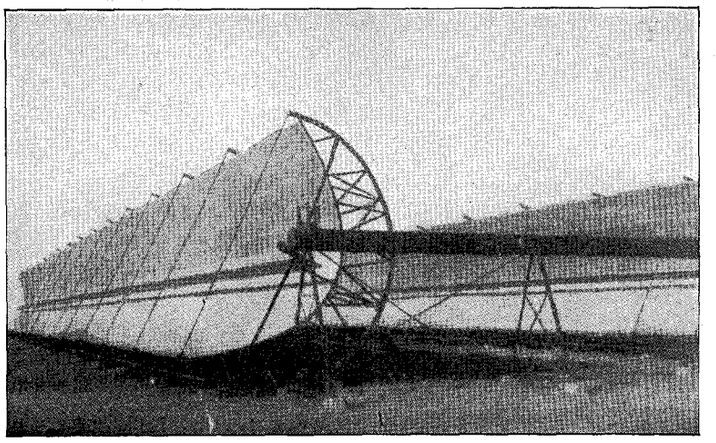
SCIENCE AND INVENTION

SOLAR-POWER PLANTS

THE EFFORT to get power from the sun's heat is almost as old as the search for a flying-machine. These efforts are both succeeding in the present generation. The flier is a little ahead and is certainly more spectacular; but the solar-power plant is not far behind in time and promises to be far in advance in utility. Frank Shuman, in a paper read before the Manchester Association of Engineers, and abstracted in *The Engineering Magazine* (New York), says that scientists have known for a century that practically unlimited power comes to us with the sun's rays, and that every one who will give the matter a thought must know this instinctively. But the practical engineer generally thinks that this power is so diffuse that it can not be profitably utilized. There have been many intermittent efforts to utilize sun-power in the past, but generally by isolated inventors who have never been able to go far enough to accomplish results from which industrial data could be gathered. Says Mr. Shuman:



A HEAT ABSORBER OF THE CAIRO SUN-POWER PLANT

Five of these absorbers, focusing the sun's heat upon a central boiler, produce an average of 1,100 pounds per hour of 15-pound steam for a 10-hour day.

"Unless sun-power can be utilized profitably, there is of course no incentive to spend work and money upon it. It is a question altogether of the cost of the construction, upkeep, and labor. If a sun-power plant cannot be so constructed that an ordinary engineer can run it, and that its wear and tear will be reasonable, and, further, that excessive labor will not be required to handle it, then there is also nothing in it. These are the important factors to consider, and therefore it is necessary to give definitely the cost of the construction, maintenance, and labor, and to show definitely that sun-power can be profitably produced throughout the vast areas in the tropics, where coal is an expensive item of consideration.

ENGINE OF THE CAIRO SUN-POWER PLANT.

"For the next twenty years or so, we will all of us have plenty of room for our sun-power plants reasonably near the equator. I am told that all of the coal mined and oil produced throughout the entire world during the year 1909 would be represented by 270 million horse-power operating for twenty-four hours per day throughout the year. Assuming that sun-power shall produce an equivalent amount, and basing our figures on the actual results already obtained by the plant at Cairo, then it will be only necessary for us to plant a square of 143 miles, or 20,449 square miles of surface, near the equator with sun-heat absorbers, spaced as wide apart as they are in the Cairo plant.

"We started into the work of utilizing sun-power about seven years ago, and have had the assistance of half-a-dozen good engineers and scientists, and large sums of money have been put at our disposal. Our work was first devoted to the determination of the amounts of heat obtainable from the sun which could be practically utilized. The first apparatus for determining this was a little 'hot-box' containing ether in which the number of heat-units which could be caught on a given surface were determined. The next was a small apparatus of about ⅛ horse-power, also running with ether. Then a considerably larger one of 3½ horse-power. The reason that ether was used in all these preliminary experiments was that high pressure could be produced at fairly low temperatures. We knew, however, that ether as a means of converting heat into power was an inefficient fluid, and impracticable on a large scale, and therefore soon dropt it. We then constructed a whole series of various heat absorbers for generating low-pressure steam from water. These experimental absorbers finally resulted in the construction of a fair-sized sun-power plant at Philadelphia, which generated a maximum of 32 horse-power at midday, with an average of about 14 horse-power throughout eight hours of the day. From the experience gained in running this plant for one season, we constructed the sun-power plant now in operation at Meadi, a suburb of Cairo, Egypt. Very careful tests of this plant were made.

"Steam can be generated from the sun's rays from water in a flat vessel painted a dull black, covered with two panes of ordinary window-glass with an air space between, and protected against loss of heat by conduction and convection on the bottom, sides, and ends, leaving only the glass top fully exposed to the sunlight. We made many determinations of the amount of steam which could be produced in this manner, but found that in order to intercept a given area of sunlight in this way would cost considerably more than if we intercepted the sunlight by properly placed mirrors and we concentrated several square feet of sunlight on one square foot of boiler. Therefore our present plant at Cairo has five concentrations

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of sunshine by means of mirrors upon a centrally located boiler.

"No matter what kind of heat absorber was used, it must be turned to face the sun at all times throughout the day. To find a method of doing this in a simple and practicable way took much time and thought.

"This plant was erected at Cairo because it was the nearest place to the tropics easily accessible, tho Cairo is by no means yet the ideal position for a sun-power plant, as it is 30 degrees north, and therefore the sun hits at a lower angle than it would farther south. The equator, of course, would be the ideal position for sun-power plants, but up to 20 degrees north and 20 degrees south sun-power is quite satisfactory.

"Experience has shown us that low-pressure steam used at atmospheric pressure (14.7 pounds absolute) gives the greatest return in power per pound sterling invested. If we attempted to generate high-pressure steam we could easily do this by means of the sun's rays, even up to 500 pounds to the square inch. This, of course, would give us very high engine efficiencies, but, on the other hand, we would lose much more than we gain because, on account of the higher temperatures of the boilers, the losses by conduction and convection into the atmosphere would greatly increase. Also the cost of constructing the boilers, owing to the strength of metal required, would greatly increase, and, as stated before, the cost per foot-pound of energy produced is the deciding factor.

"The engine is a special low-pressure engine designed to utilize low-pressure steam to the highest advantage, and this engine will give a British horse-power with 22 pounds of atmospheric steam. The pump in the case of the plant mentioned is a reciprocating pump, but, of course, any sort of pump could have been used.

"The steam is generated in the sun-heat absorbers, five in number, which are each 13 feet 4 inches wide at the top, and 204 feet long approximate parabolic troughs for catching the sun's rays, and concentrating them upon the boiler swung at the focal point.

"The heat absorbers are placed about 25 feet apart in the clear, so that they will not shade each other when the sun is low in the morning and late afternoon. Their axes point north and south as does that of the earth, and they turn from east to west on their axes to face the sun.

"The mirrors are set in a light steel framework, each one at the proper angle to throw the light upon the boiler, and consist of ordinary sheets of third quality window-glass about 1/16 inch thick, silvered on one side, and the silvering protected in the proper manner from the atmosphere. At the focal point of all of the light rays there hangs in the present plant a cast-iron boiler which is tubular at the top and flat at the bottom where the water space is. This boiler is 15 inches high, and is hung on light rods in such a manner that the expansion and contraction will not interfere with it. These heat absorbers are set on crescents, which roll in a system of small rollers. Racks and pinions are provided for turning the sun-heat absorbers from a low eastern aspect in the morning to a low western aspect in the evening. The heat absorbers are turned by the engine by the ordinary shaft-drive and friction-clutch. An adaptation of the thermostat throws this friction-clutch in and out. The thermostat is located right under the boiler. As long as the thermostat is in the shade, this means that the heater is pointing correctly at the sun. When the sun moves ahead a little, and the edge of the sunlight strikes the thermostat, it immediately throws the small friction-clutch in, and then the heat absorber turns westward a fraction of an inch or so. As soon as the thermostat is again in the shade the clutch is released, and the sun-heat absorbers stand still. In this way by short intermittences the heat absorbers are always kept facing the sun throughout its course during the entire day.

"In the morning—according to the degree of latitude—the heater will start to make steam. At Cairo it would start to make steam in midsummer about 7.30 o'clock, and will make steam in quickly increasing quantities until the maximum would be arrived at, between 10 and 2 o'clock. Then the amount would gradually decrease until 5.30 in the evening. Tests of the steam-producing capacity of this heater show that the average production would be 1,100 pounds per hour of 15-pound (absolute pressure) steam for a ten-hour day.

"In other words, the plant at Cairo is capable of giving on an average 50 brake horse-power. This same plant, located 1,000 miles or so further south, should give about 65 brake horse-power. The steam in the boiler is produced at practically atmosphere, altho the engine will do good work when the steam is at considerably lower pressure."

When the sun is put out of commission by night or by intervening clouds, stored heat is used, by keeping, in large tanks properly insulated from the atmosphere, the necessary quantity of water at the boiling-point. From this water is drawn, during the night or during a rainy day, low-pressure steam to run the engine, which is constructed so as to run economically down to four pounds absolute pressure. To quote further:

"As the cost of upkeep is an important factor, the heat absorbers are constructed entirely of reenforced concrete for the foundations, steel for the frame, cast-iron for the boilers, and glass for the mirrors and boiler covering—all of which materials are practically indestructible in the tropics, barring accidents. If the steel framework is painted about every eight years or so, it will last for centuries. . . . . .

"The heat absorbers of the Philadelphia (1911) plant had an efficiency of 43 per cent. The Cairo plant has a thermal efficiency of 57 per cent."

MUST OUR CITIES GO?

NOT so very long ago we were lamenting the trend of population and industry toward the great centers, and looking forward to the time when our people should be gathered chiefly in huge towns. Now, according to George H. Cushing, who writes in *The Technical World Magazine* (Chicago, August) on "The Last of the Cities," this tendency has been reversed by a movement born of the desire for efficient industrial operation that has revolutionized so many of our methods and views. It is possible, Mr. Cushing thinks, that the United States has built its last big city, and that our present great centers have already reached their zenith. The impulse for efficiency, he tells us, was born in the small towns. To save themselves, they had to speed up. And they learned to get speed with a purpose—one thing the cities still lack, as a rule. As examples, he gives us the following:

"Within the year, I visited Spartanburg, South Carolina. The place is so small that when you leave the public square you are in the country. One might expect it to be so slow that its movement would not be perceptible. However, I spent two days with one business man who but recently had spent $2,500 to hire an efficiency expert to teach his workmen how to get real speed. They are, to-day, the fastest men in their line in the country. In the cotton-mills, I found everything keyed to an appreciation of the value of time. Everywhere it is the same. Last week, I heard a carpenter from a hamlet in Michigan criticizing a Chicago carpenter because he was slow. Only last night, a farmer from Iowa said, as we sat together on the car:

" 'Chicago men let too many things distract them. They work too hard for the results they get. Come out to my farm and I'll show you real speed—eight hours a day devoted to a purpose—to getting things done without delay.' . . . . . .

"This other thing is true: The small-town workman is healthier and stronger than the city workman. His living conditions are better; his food is purer. He can go, when trained, faster and further than the city man for those reasons.

"The small-town manufacturer, because of his better workmen, the lower cost of the real estate upon which his buildings stand, and his less congested railroad yards, can produce faster, and hence undersell the city manufacturer. That is why so many manufacturing companies are outside the big cities. A few big examples tell the story. The Steel Corporation did not select Chicago as the site for its new mills; it built a town at Gary, Indiana, instead. The National Tube Company did not build at Cleveland, but chose Lorain, Ohio. The Western Electric Company did not locate its new factories in Chicago; it built at Hawthorne, Illinois. The great General Electric Company did not go to New York, but to Schenectady. The tendency is general. The movement is away from the cities.

"With even so little evidence, it is easy to predict the death of the big cities. Great congested centers are doomed, if for no other reason than that they are no longer economical. The one thing that is doing more than any other influence to bring this about is the appreciation by nearly every small city in the land that 'time is money.'"

We have decided, says Mr. Cushing, that the railroads must

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treat all patrons alike. They do so, apparently; for city and country merchant alike gets his switching facilities free. Yet this means that the city man receives something of immense cost and value, while the country man's service is cheap to the roads. Mr. Cushing explains:

"The ordinary bustling, jostling, and busy railway makes a bee-line through small towns. It only throws off a few switches here and there to grab up the traffic which such places produce. This is a cheap way of getting the small towns' traffic on and off the company rails.

"The same railroad does not really enter, but stops at the edge, of a big city. There it is broken up into nothing but a labyrinth of switches. It resembles nothing so much as a rope frayed first into its strands and then into threads. All semblance to a 'through' line is lost. It has lost all apparent order and direction and has become nothing but a tangled network of tracks. Every track is a switch to somewhere. Every switch goes off after business. This is complex and intricate. The service is costly. The real estate is expensive. It is far from a simple or easy way of getting traffic upon the carrier's rails.

"In a small town, few railroad switches are longer than a thousand feet. The Chicago switching district, for one example, is more than thirty miles long and more than fifteen miles wide. It is filled with tracks, cross-overs, and storage yards.

"Although the railroad as well as the merchant must, to-day, call for and deliver the freight it is paid for carrying, the switching charges in both the village and the great city are the same—that is, the service is free. At least, no direct charge is made for it. The railroad may not send out a bill for this service, but that does not say it costs nothing. On the contrary, this switching service costs tremendously. Since it costs money and since that money is paid by the carriers, they must get it in some other way. And they do. They 'lump' the cost of switching and charge it into 'general expense.' Then they adjust their rates generally to cover adequately and fully that expense. Seattle, for example, pays its portion of the expense of maintaining Chicago's big passenger station. Paducah, Kentucky, pays its portion of the expense of maintaining the New York terminal station. All the little towns pay their portion of the expense of maintaining the costly real estate, the myriad of tracks, and the countless switching engines in the freight-yards of the big cities. At least, that has been the system up to now. It is the proposed change from this system which threatens the big cities."

Again, says Mr. Cushing, in our present system the country produces the wealth and the city absorbs it. The rural districts are coming to realize this and to resent it. The uprising against the middleman system is, even when standing alone, an influence sufficiently potent to begin the disintegration of the cities. The impending change, foreshadowed by a recent proposal made by Louis D. Brandeis before the Interstate Commerce Commission, is practically, as Mr. Cushing sees it, that in futufe there shall be two rates—one for the cross-country haul, paid by all alike; the other a switching or terminal rate, proportional to the extent and complexity of the service. Says the writer:

"Under such a system, the small-town man would have practically only the cross-country rate to pay. To the city man, the cross-country rate would be insignificant; the city rate covering the cost of city real estate would be too high to be paid by any one. His higher cost of transportation alone would rob him of anything but the business in the one city where he did business.

"The thing has become an issue. The country is discriminated against in favor of the city, and knows it. That is plain. The country is vastly in the majority. The majority rules—in the end. The Commission may 'stall,' but that does not dispose of the issue. When the majority rules in this matter, the discrimination will end. That will mean that the city's preeminence will be gone. As matters now stand, abundant and cheap transportation alone gives the city any edge on the country in the fight for the nation's business. To take away that transportation advantage causes the city to fall. It causes the city to lose the chief thing which holds it together—business advantage."

TELEPHONES THAT TALK OUT LOUD

THE ordinary telephones whisper, or at least talk in an undertone; but that a telephone may be loud of speech, or even shout, upon occasion, is a familiar fact to those who have heard trains called by this means in some of our large railway stations. For usual domestic service, a whispering telephone is more intimate and less disturbing, but it may well be that in the near future every instrument may have its loud-speaking attachment for use whenever the speaker desires to raise his voice. An instrument through which one might say in stentorian tones, "Henry! It is time to get up!" might, for instance, be very useful in the morning. The latest industrial use of the loud-speaker is on the Lackawanna Railroad, which has attracted attention in the past few months because of its successful experiments with the wireless telegraph for communicating with moving trains. Loud-speaking telephones are now used on this line for train-dispatching, says *The Railway Age Gazette* (New York, July 31):

Courtesy of "The Railway Age Gazette."

DISPATCHER'S DESK, SHOWING LOUD-SPEAKING TELEPHONE RECEIVER.

"No one disputes that the telephone is far superior to the telegraph for transmitting and repeating train orders; but the telephone has its disadvantages. Wearing a telephone constantly on the head is not the pleasantest thing in the world, especially when there is an electrical storm at some point on the line. . . . Loud-speaking instruments have been installed on two train-dispatchers' lines, including all the Lackawanna lines in New Jersey. The two dispatchers are stationed at Hoboken.

"The device is quite simple. The transmitter is much like the ordinary transmitter, but is much more efficient. The receiver in like manner is very sensitive, and, in addition, is furnished with a horn similar to that used on a phonograph. It is placed on the dispatcher's desk in the position shown in the illustration, or maybe on the wall. . . . The telephones are simply intended to

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reproduce at the receiving end the normal conversational tone of voice at the same volume used by the speaker at the transmitting end. . . . It is necessary that the loud-speaking transmitters be used in all stations on the circuit on which a loud-speaking receiver is installed, but no other change in the standard equipment is necessary. The cost of the instruments is small, there being no amplifying devices. . . . . .

"With complete installations at all stations a circuit can be worked without the use of selectors for calling. Without the calling-bell, the dispatcher, to call a station, merely speaks the station's name into his transmitter in an ordinary tone of voice. The name is heard in all the loud-speaking receivers on the line and for a distance of at least 15 feet from any one of them. The operator who is called can respond at once. An operator can call the dispatcher in like manner.

"The operator at a station equipped with the loud receiver can keep track of all that is going on, the same as with the Morse telegraph. As is well known, one of the chief objections to the use of telephones on the train wire has been the isolation of each office from all others except when the operator could take time to put the receiver to his ear. . . . The added opportunity for supervision on the part of the dispatcher himself is also worth mentioning. The Lackawanna dispatchers are glad to get rid of the head-telephones. Disturbances on the line sometimes cause a continual buzzing which is most annoying to the person using the head-receiver. In regions where electric storms are common there is the additional chance of receiving violent sounds in the receiver, and the shock sometimes is dangerous as well as inconvenient."

A STUDY OF MUSICAL SENSATION

DOES the musical critic actually hear the faults that he blames and the virtues he praises in opera and concert, or do his training, sound-habits, nervous system, and so on, betray his ear? An interesting study of the effect of musical sounds upon persons of various degrees of training and temperament has been made by a French physicist, Professor Marage, whose experiments in acoustics have made his name familiar to all students of the subject. His object, we are told by *The Chemical News*, as abstracted in *The Scientific American Supplement* (New York, July 25), was to ascertain the impressions experienced by an audience of musicians, savants, literary men, and society people while listening to the same pieces of music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, performed successively on the piano and on instruments of the period: clavecin, clavichord, lute, and viol. Says the paper named above:

"To realize this experiment, the three hundred pupils at the Sorbonne who follow the classes of the physiology of speech and singing have been divided into two series. The pupils were to note their physiological and musical impressions. Out of an audience of 300, only 142 copies were given in; that is to say, that over 50 per cent. of the pupils had no impressions or did not wish to write them down. And yet the copies were anonymous. The other half, however, on the contrary, experienced very diverse sensations. The pupils who gave in their copies were divided into 51 professional musicians or singers; 25 cultivated persons—that is to say, with a good knowledge of music and studying it from a taste for the same; 34 with no musical knowledge; 13 scientific persons, professors, pupils of the Polytechnic School, of the Central School of Civil Engineers, or of the Sorbonne; and 19 literary professors or pupils. The copies, judged from the point of view of the analysis of the sensations, have given the following results: The cultivated come out at the top of the list with 77 per cent. of good copies; professors of singing and music come next with 62 per cent. The scientific pupils are greatly superior to the literary; 47 per cent. of the first against 35 per cent. of the second gave in excellent copies. The literary people make long descriptions, interesting and agreeable to read, but it is often difficult to discover what are the sensations they experience. The scientific, on the contrary, have clear ideas exprest in a few lines. Concerning the physiological impressions, it is to be remarked that almost all the audience is at first disagreeably impressioned by the thin and metallic sounds of the clavecin, then the ear gradually gets used to these chords, new to it, and then it finds in them certain qualities. The grave sounds of the viols are immediately agreeable to the audience. A curious phenomenon of suggestion has also been observed by M. Marage. After a first performance, it was decided to change the piano. The instrument was new, and it had been thought that the sounds it gave forth were not very harmonious. Twenty musicians had exprest the desire to be present at the second series, at which the same program was to be performed. They all noted down that the new piano was very superior to the first one. Now, for some reason unknown to M. Marage, the instrument had not been changed, and was the same at both series. To sum up, Dr. Marage wonders if musical critics are not often influenced by the special dispositions of their auditive nerves. The particular action of vibrations on each nervous system, the habit of hearing certain sounds, and, lastly, the previous education, must deprive the artistic criticism of the value possessed by the scientific criticism."

ANABIOSIS—LIFE IN DEATH

THAT AN ANIMAL may be revived even when it is apparently dead, and when no tests known to science will show that life is still in it, has long been known. The possibility of assuming this condition, where life exists only as a possibility of revival, and which is now known to scientists as "anabiosis," is limited to the lower orders of the animal kingdom and to such of the higher as are known to "hibernate." Anabiosis, in many cases, may indeed be described as a sort of artificial hibernation. It is not only interesting but important for us to know the exact conditions under which this state may be assumed. The present state of knowledge on the subject is summed up in *La Nature* (Paris, June 27), by Emile Gouault, in an article parts of which we proceed to quote. He says:

"Microbes are paralyzed by cold, and the destructive action that they exert on organic matter then ceases. All the cold storage of perishable goods that has for forty years been modifying so strangely the economic conditions of the globe is based on the rational utilization of this phenomenon, made possible by invention of artificial refrigeration. But nature realizes this phenomenon also in more complex animals. . . . Numerous insects, fish, and certain mammals are plunged into a state of anabiosis during the cold of winter, and during some years past numerous investigations have been undertaken in different countries to reproduce anabiosis artificially. Thus, at the French Refrigeration Congress, held at Toulouse in 1912, Messrs. Mir and Audigé described experiments made on trout frozen slowly in a block of ice, kept thus imprisoned for several hours, and then brought back to life by slow melting. Professor Bachmetieff successfully repeated these experiments in 1913, and some of the discoveries made in the course of his work would seem likely to hasten the day when the utilization of the anabiosis of living creatures, in general, will offer humanity many wonders and new benefits.

"The experiments of Professor Bachmetieff were made first on butterflies. The insect was placed in a vessel surrounded by a cold envelop, and its interior temperature was measured to a precision of about one Fahrenheit degree by a thermo-electric device whose two electrodes were buried in the insect's body. . . . . .

"From the first, Bachmetieff noted that the interior temperature of a butterfly depends much on its state of repose or agitation. An immovable butterfly has a temperature equal to that of the surrounding air; a butterfly that is fluttering its wings has a temperature that may exceed that of the air by 15 or 20 degrees.

"Thrusting a butterfly at the normal temperature into a vessel kept at −20° C., Bachmetieff found that the temperature of the insect dropt slowly to −9.3°, then suddenly rose to −1.7°, and finally fell again slowly to −20°. He attributed the sudden rise to a phenomenon of superfusion made possible by the capillarity of the vessels that contain the liquids of the insect. The sudden increase of temperature would be the result of the almost instantaneous freezing of all the liquids of the organism. . . . Bachmetieff found that when a butterfly was removed from cold storage before this rise of temperature it rapidly revived . . .; when it had undergone the rise and was taken out immediately afterward, it would remain in the state of anabiosis several minutes before reviving. When the insect had undergone the rise of temperature and then had been cooled to −8° or −9°, it remained much longer in the anabiotic state,

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and finally when the second cooling reached −10°, the insect died."

Did the insect freeze to death? Apparently not, for it could be revived after a long period of congelation, provided only the temperature had not reached the lower limits below which life ceased. The insect thus lived in a state where no vital activity was possible, as we have usually understood it. What condition is "life" of this sort? Bachmetieff compares it to that of a watch whose balance-wheel is obstructed in some way. Remove the obstruction, and the watch starts off again. These experiments succeeded with various sorts of insects, reptiles, and fish, but it was not until 1913 that he extended them to warm-blooded creatures, choosing a hibernating species as most likely to suit his purposes. These experiments seem to prove that hibernating animals, marmots, etc., may be thrown artificially into anabiosis by chilling them.

Such investigations, the writer reminds us, are not useless, but enable us to comprehend better the mechanism and causes of death, and they have their practical uses as well. For instance, the anabiosis of microbes is important in food-preservation. The enemies of insect pests are now often handled and placed where they are needed, when in a state of hibernation; artificial hibernation would evidently add to their usefulness. It has also been proposed to keep bees in a state of anabiosis in winter, thus saving the honey that they would otherwise consume.—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

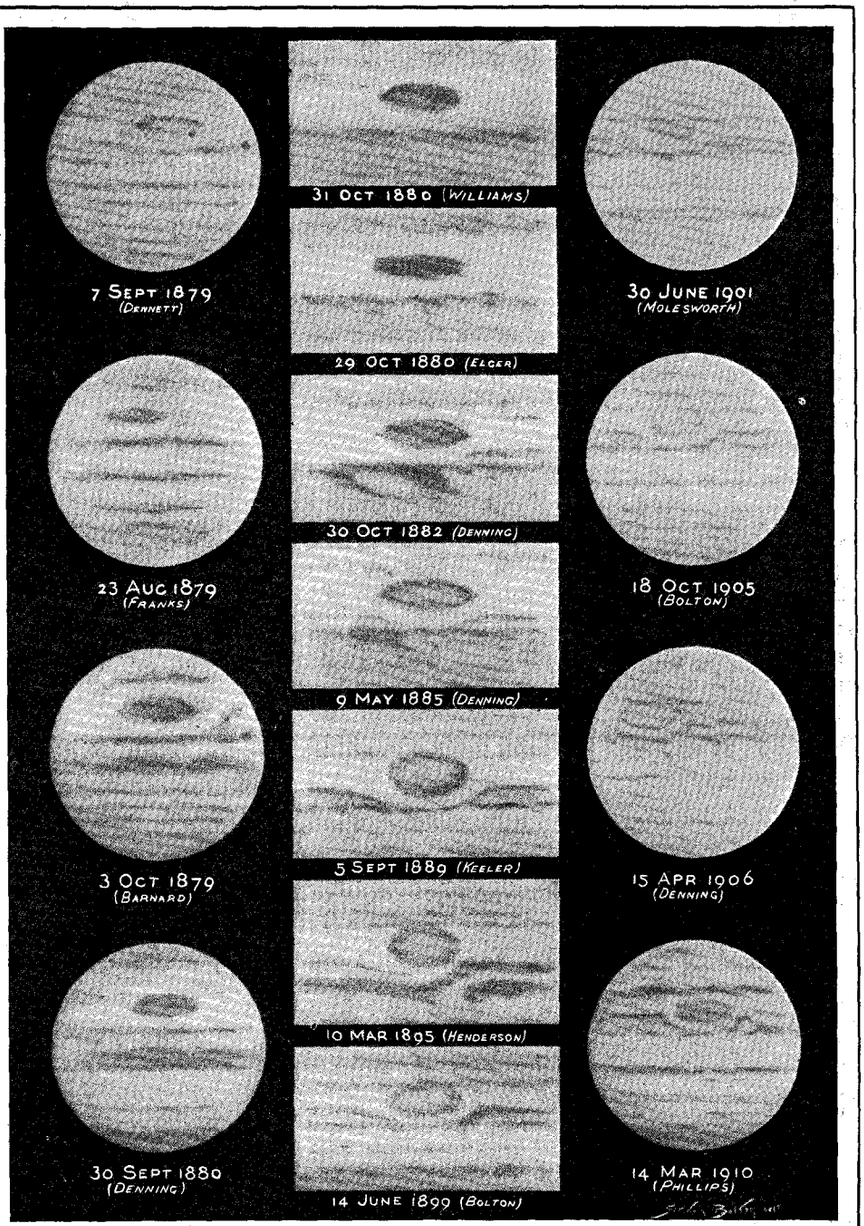
ARE NAVAL SALUTES EFFICIENT?—While we are considering the question of efficiency in government service, we might as well turn our attention to some matters of form that serve no useful purpose, suggests an editorial writer in *The American Machinist* (New York, July 30). For instance, there is the case of the naval salute. He says:

"Just suppose that every time the president of the Great American Wrench Trust visited one of their shops a man was detailed to throw 21 monkey-wrenches into a well provided for that purpose; 19 for the vice-president; 15 for the general manager; 13 for a director, and when one works manager visits another, 8 perfectly good monkey-wrenches were thrown into the scrap-well.

Every stockholder would be up in arms at the useless waste, and the price of monkey-wrenches would be correspondingly higher in consequence. Could any officer proposing such a course escape the lunatic asylum? And yet this isn't a cent on a dollar to the cost of the senseless firing of salutes when an officer visits a vessel of the navy. Nor is it only the cost of the salutes, but the waste of the time of the officers. A 'time study' of the time wasted in conforming with the 152 articles of the regulations devoted to 'Honors and Distinctions' would be even more illuminating than a similar study in the machine-shop."

IS JUPITER LAUNCHING A MOON?

UNDER this heading, *The Illustrated London News* (July 4) prints a series of drawings of the planet Jupiter by Scriven Bolton, Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, with the following explanation by the author, who accepts the theory that moons are thrown off by centrifugal force from their parent planets, when partially liquid:


31 OCT 1880 (WILLIAMS)
7 SEPT 1879 (DENNETT)
30 JUNE 1901 (MOLESWORTH)
29 OCT 1880 (ELGER)
30 OCT 1882 (DENNING)
23 AUG 1879 (FRANKS)
18 OCT 1905 (BOLTON)
9 MAY 1885 (DENNING)
5 SEPT 1889 (KEELER)
3 OCT 1879 (BARNARD)
15 APR 1906 (DENNING)
10 MAR 1895 (HENDERSON)
30 SEPT 1880 (DENNING)
14 JUNE 1899 (BOLTON)
14 MAR 1910 (PHILLIPS)

THE GREAT RED SPOT ON JUPITER.

"It is propounded that our earth, when once in a plastic condition, rotated on its axis so swiftly that the matter at the equator could not adhere together, and a breach caused a portion to be fractured, which portion gradually separated from the parent planet. So, apparently, in the case of our cousin-planet, Jupiter, whose rotational velocity at its surface is as great as ours used to be, there is at present a phenomenon which suggests an epoch in the evolution of moon-making. That puzzling object on its surface, known as the Great Red Spot, is not a fixture of the surface. It possesses an extremely oblate spherical outline, and its major axis measures over 20,000 miles. Its slow, irregular drift on the planet shows that while it is detached from the main globe, it moves round with the planet's axial rotation. The inference denotes a Jovian moon in embryo."

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LETTERS AND ART

TOLSTOY'S PREVISION

THE EUROPEAN DÉBÂCLE was foreseen by Count Tostoy as far back as 1910, tho the details of his vision vary somewhat from the drama now being enacted. This vision, which was communicated to the American press last year by the Countess Nastasia Tolstoy, a grandniece of the novelist, is said to have struck the German Kaiser as "one of the most impressive literary prophecies of this age." The original copy

THE REQUIEM OF THE GUNS.
—Carter in the New York *Sun*.

was presented to the Czar of Russia and by him was communicated to Emperor William and Edward VII. The Countess Tolstoy gives as her reason for making it public at the time she did the knowledge that "one of the royal principals is going to include the secret message in his private memoirs." The words as they issued from the aged Tolstoy were taken down by the Countess—so the account runs in the New York *Sun*—while he "leaned back in his chair, covered his eyes with his hands, and relapsed into an apparently comatose condition." In speaking, his voice had a low and hollow tone:

"This is a revelation of events of a universal character which must shortly come to pass. Their spiritual outlines are now before my eyes. I see floating upon the surface of the sea of human fate the huge silhouette of a nude woman. She is—with her beauty, her poise, her smile, her jewels—a super-Venus.

"Nations rush madly after her, each of them eager to attract her especially. But she, like an eternal courtezan, flirts with all. In her hair-ornaments of diamonds and rubies is engraved her name, 'Commercialism.' As alluring and bewitching as she seems, much destruction and agony follow in her wake. Her breath, reeking of sordid transactions, her voice of metallic character like gold, and her look of greed are so much poison to the nations who fall victims to her charms.

"And, behold, she has three gigantic arms with three torches of universal corruption in her hand. The first torch represents the flame of war, that the beautiful courtezan carried from city to city and country to country. Patriotism answers with flashes of honest flame, but the end is the roar of guns and musketry.

"The second torch bears the flame of bigotry and hypocrisy. It carries the lamps only in temples and on the altars of sacred institutions. It carries the seed of falsity and fanaticism. It kindles the minds that are still in cradles and follows them to their graves.

"The third torch is that of the law, that dangerous foundation of all unauthentic traditions, which first does its fatal work in the family, then sweeps through the larger worlds of literature, art, and statesmanship.

"The great conflagration will start about 1912, set by the torch of the first arm in the countries of southeastern Europe. It will result in a destructive calamity in 1913.

"In that year I see all Europe in flames and bleeding. I hear the lamentations of huge battle-fields. But about the year 1915 a strange figure from the north—a new Napoleon—enters the stage of the bloody drama.

"He is a man of little militaristic training, a writer or a journalist, but in his grip most of Europe will remain till 1925. The end of the great calamity will mark a new political era for the Old World.

"There will be left no empires and kingdoms, but the world will form a federation of the United States of Nations. There will remain only four great giants,—the Anglo-Saxons, the Latins, the Slavs, and the Mongolians."

This was the answer Tolstoy gave to a request from the German Kaiser and the King of England for a "direct message." The stipulation was that it should "be something that he has not published before and that he will never publish himself." The preliminary conversation leading up to the delivery of the vision of the aged seer is thus reported:

"Very strange," said Tolstoy. "I would be glad to send a message to royalty, but the trouble with me is that I have written all my life messages for the mob. I am not accustomed to the conventions of court diction. However, I will think the matter over."

"Leo Nicolaievich, don't you have any visions of a political nature, or any prophecies on a large international scale?" I asked.

"A good idea!" he exclaimed. "I have had some really strange experiences which I could not publish as fiction. There is something that has haunted me for the past two years. I don't know how to explain the nature of it to you.

"I can not call it a dream, because I have seen it often while I have been sitting at my writing-table. On other occasions it has appeared to me at twilight, before my dinner-hour. I am not a believer in ghosts, nor in the spiritualistic explanations of phenomena; but I admit that I can not account for this mysterious affair."

"Is it a vision?" I interrupted.

"Something of that order, but very clear. So clear that I could draw a distinct picture of all that transpires. Furthermore, I can call up the vision at will. I am almost sure I could do it while you are here. The only difficulty is that I am not able to write anything during the time of the manifestation. My hands are absolutely paralyzed."

"I shall be happy to write down what you dictate," I urged.

"Very good! That settles the matter," he replied. "I shall

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try for something immediately. Here on the table are paper and pencil. Or use a pen—whatever you want."

When the trancelike state had passed, the author-reformer opened his eyes and looked slightly confused:

" 'Had I gone to sleep?' he asked me. 'I beg your pardon.'

"When I read this vision-talk to him he listened gravely and nodded, saying that it was correct. Upon my request he signed the document and handed it to me with a blessing. I left him the same day, and immediately upon my arrival informed the Czar of my readiness to see him.

"I was received at the court in an informal way, and led into the Czar's private study. I handed him the paper. He opened it nervously and read with pronounced agitation.

"'Well, it's very interesting. I will make a copy for myself and then forward other copies with a translation to the Kaiser of Germany, and through him to the King of England. The original shall be kept in my private archives. I shall ask the Kaiser and the King not to make any comments on the matter, as I do not like to figure as an intermediary between them and the old man whose seditious writings I do not like, generally.'"

THE MAGIC CHANGE OF PARIS

THE DISCUSSION OF LITERATURE has subsided under the influence of stirring life; whatever comes from the pen of even the humblest reporter partakes of the qualities of literature now. So the picture of Paris on the eve of the conflict—July 30—given in the London *Daily Mail*, justifies its entrance into these columns. It is "a changed Paris, quieter, more sober, more subdued," says Mr. George Ward Price, "for the people who go about her streets, tho they do the same things and do them in the same way as last week, are filled with very different thoughts." Reading on:

"In each mind there is a grim background to every other thought. It is the prospect of the wounds and the death, the ruin and the suffering, of war to be endured, perhaps, in a fortnight's time on that eastern frontier to which Frenchmen have looked so anxiously for forty-four years.

"There is just one subject of conversation. Already it would be monotonous if it had not the grim interest of a matter of life and death. 'It is for when, the mobilization?' The words are said not boastingly, not sadly, nor yet gaily—just calmly. It seems strange that the French, so ready for noisy demonstration on subjects of less import, should find themselves nearer to the day of reckoning with their old enemies than they have been since they last fought them a generation and a half ago, and yet remain tranquil, unexcited, no more than deeply interested, and clearly resigned, if the worst is indeed to come, to meet it firmly.

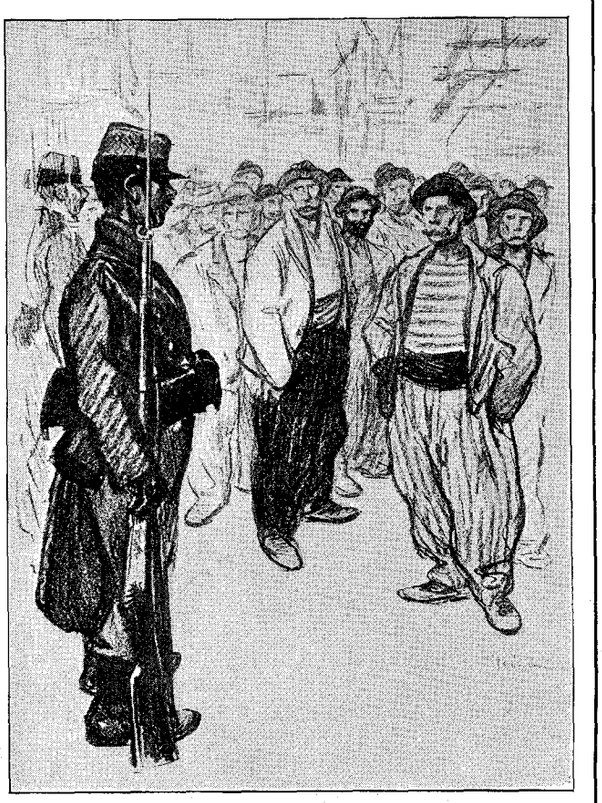
"Throughout Paris, and indeed, all over France, people are engaged in effecting a sort of discount of the ordeal that seems to be drawing on so fast. They are trying to foresee, to prepare for eventualities, to harden themselves to the trial by reflecting well upon it in cold blood.

" 'I shall be left with four children on my hands,' said a woman in the omnibus this morning. 'What will become of us? God knows'—and yet the tone was not one of bitterness. 'The Government will look after us,' answered another. 'You will see. There will be distributions of bread. It will not again be like the last time. Ah, no.'

" 'What day do you go?' It is the question you will hear wherever men in the prime of life are gathered together. For on each reservist's military papers it is indicated how soon after the date of the order of mobilization he must rejoin his regiment. Some must start at once. 'I rejoin at Toul the first day,' said the telephonist down-stairs with a smile. Toul—right on the German frontier. Life has abrupt changes for men of a continental nation; to be working a private telephone exchange one day, and hardly more than a few hours later, perhaps, to be right in the thick of the most desperate battle of nations since the beginning of the world.

"I was in a Ministry to-day—the most comfortable of all the French Ministries, I think, with soft carpets and tapestries and marble and paneling. The attaché to whom I was talking is a big man, but one who evidently takes care to dine well. He is always beautifully drest, and his patent-leather boots, with their white cloth tops, have to be carried to and from the Ministry every day in a neat little car. He was leaning back in a gilt, red silk Louis XVI. chair. 'Next week,' he said, suddenly, with a short laugh, 'I dare say I shall be much less comfortable—a rifle on my shoulder and a pack on my back, eh?—and sleeping under a hedge in the rain. I join the second day.'

"One's acquaintances begin to take on a romantic interest, of which they would have seemed hardly capable a week ago. Duclos, whom I see in the editorial offices of a newspaper in the small hours of every morning, smoking countless Maryland cigarets, is, it seems, an artilleryman, and has a medal for being the best gunlayer in his battery. The *concierge* is a dragoon. The waiter, who has grown to tolerate my habit of taking cream with coffee after dinner, will be a 'sous-off.' giving orders instead of taking them. One has a sudden consciousness of inefficiency among all these people who are so ready to take their places as parts of the fighting machine, coupled with a vague feeling of resentment that all this time they have been living double lives. Who would have dreamed, for instance, that that tall young man who cuts one's hair so satisfactorily twice a month is really a cuirassier, and will very likely be charging about in a gleaming breastplate this time next month, flourishing a heavy saber to cut off heads, instead of trimming them."



RECONCILED.

This drawing by the famous artist Steinlen, who lives in Paris, shows the hatred of the French working man for the military. They are at one now fighting in a common cause.

In a Paris dispatch to the New York *Evening Post* we read:

"The crêpe festoons which for forty years have hung from the monument of the city of Strassburg, capital of Alsace-Lorraine, which stands in the Place de la Concorde, were torn down to-day and replaced with flowers and palm-branches, while a tricolored sash was draped about the figure. The ceremony was conducted by 2,000 members of the Federation of Alsatian Societies in Paris. Joseph Sansbœuf, Mayor of the Eighth Arrondissement, embraced the statue, and then, addressing the gathering, said:

" 'The hour of revenge for which we have prayed unceasingly for forty-four years has at last struck. The French Army is in Alsace. The red trousers are again seen on our plains and mountains. The gay bugles of France sounded the charge at Altkirch and Mühlhausen.'

"There were few who were not in tears as the speaker concluded. The singing of the 'Marseillaise,' followed by cheers for Belgium, Russia, and England, ended the ceremony."

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HARDSHIPS IMPOSED BY THE CENSOR

ENGLAND AND AMERICA both are suffering through the recklessness of a yellow press and the strict censorship of real war news. We have been treated to accounts of North Sea battles, of sinking ships as well as of victorious fleets that are contradicted within the same day. Besides the publication of news that is no news, the German element of our population complain bitterly in letters to the press of the coloring of news in a way unfavorable to the Fatherland. The New York *Tribune* speaks for itself and other American papers in declaring its purpose to give authentic news on the progress of the war. News from the continent can not be guaranteed, however, "when all normal means of communication are in the hands of the military authorities and a strict censorship is maintained." Readers are asked to bear in mind that "under such conditions a newspaper can not verify the accuracy of all the reports reaching it, and yet must print them for what they are worth." The New York *Times* goes more into detail in explaining the vicissitudes of our war news in its passage through many hands before reaching us:

"A peculiarity of the war news, as it comes to the American papers, is that practically all of it, except that relating to England, has to pass two military censorships, and in the case of the news from Germany or Austria each censor has objects in view that are different from, as well as antagonistic to, those of the other.

"The correspondent in London is the nearest to free, tho even his liberty is much restricted. He can send to us any news he can get from any source, providing it receives official approval as making no untimely revelation concerning the British forces and intentions and as not injurious to British allies. The gatherer of the information in France has to submit his 'copy' to a like, but probably more rigid, scrutiny before what is left of it is sent on to London, whence alone it can come to America.

"But it is the man in Berlin who, for the present, at least, has the hardest time, for there the idea of a censorship takes the form of a determination to suppress not only all news harmful to German interests, but also all that is not, in the opinion of the authorities, in one way or another distinctly helpful to those interests. That, of course, makes the Berlin dispatches few in number, but in addition it makes more than probable that when they reach the hands of the British censor, he will decide that their publication would be undesirable. In other words, he is apt to object to them for the very reason that made them pleasing to the German censor.

"These are the facts that account for what a few of our readers mistakenly call the 'coloring' by us of our war news. 'Coloring' is not the right word for what happens, since nowhere is there compulsion on our correspondents to send untrue or distorted news, and they are thoroughly well aware that such news is not wanted from them, even when the alternative, as it is just now in Berlin, may be next to no news at all. The right word is 'selection,' and, unfortunately, the selecting in time of war is done with military, not journalistic, ends in view.

"Still, what the censors accomplish is not the suppression of the news, but the delaying of it. Sooner or later the truth all gets out."

The newspapers themselves have a ground of complaint in common with their readers. The New York *World*, in one editorial, reviews the same difficulties mentioned above and points out the astonishing thing that, "in spite of the almost insurmountable obstacles that belligerent governments have placed in the way of the press, the American newspapers have been able to do so well," yet in another place exclaims:

"The brutality with which European officialism has undertaken to suppress public and private information should be noted by the people of every nation. What is called censorship has been wanton destruction. The result has been hardship, suffering, and falsehood, with probably few advantages to anybody.

"In England measures have been taken to introduce common sense into the system, and in this country restrictions upon the use of the wireless which put it out of service in some cases have been modified. Perhaps in the course of time, public opinion in all lands will compel governments to exercise intelligent discrimination in such matters.

"Whenever political or military power assumes to say what people shall read, how they shall think, and what conclusions they shall reach, it usually goes about the business clumsily, and thus defeats its own objects. True censorship, even in war, demands knowledge and wit. In this instance it has depended chiefly upon muscle."

THE "GREATEST ACTOR OF OUR TIME"

WHAT OF THOSE wonderful Russians who a few years ago came out of a mysterious East and charmed all Europe and America with the dance? Will they be forced back into the shadows whence they came by the numbing results of inexorable war? Next season was to bring back to us the incomparable Pavlova and possibly the great ballet organization that hitherto has been thought too costly to bring overseas. Moreover, it has been said that we should have another visit from the singing actor, Chaliapin. He was, indeed, with us a few years ago, but somehow found small favor with the critics. Whether they were wrong or he has matured and grown in the meantime is a question raised by the fact that in England, at least, he is hailed as the "greatest actor of our time." So high upon a pinnacle does "An Englishman" of *The Daily Mail* (London) place him that we must travel back in theatrical history as far as Edmund Kean to find his equal. "He is no mere artist of the opera," declares this writer, known behind his pen-name as Charles Whibley. "He is an actor who happens to sing." His chief virtue consists in not separating "the art of his voice from the art of personation, as is the habit of his Italian rivals." His being the greatest actor of our time, this writer thinks, "would be evident, even if he had not told us that his chief interest is in the exhibition of character." We read:

"He differs from the most of his English colleagues in insisting that the actor's first duty is personation. He is not content to show himself in the lime-light in easy contempt of the part which he pretends to be playing. He knows that the material of an actor's art is himself, his voice, and his gesture, and he handles this material with a courage and variety which place him high above his fellows. For them it is enough to make a display of their own features and their own 'temperament.' They walk upon the stage, boast their admirers, as into a drawing-room. You may recognize them securely, whatever coat they wear upon their backs. Every step, every movement of M. Chaliapin belong not to himself but to the man whom for the moment he represents.

"The distinction seems elementary, but in London, at any rate, it must be made. So long have we been accustomed to the player whose conduct is the same in all conditions, whose 'genius' shines through the thickest disguise, that we welcome with enthusiasm the actor who knows that his first and last duty is to act, to interpret the mind and soul not of himself but of another. And M. Chaliapin not only evades the mere suspicion of egoism when he comes upon the stage, he knows no single vice of the popular actor. He never rants, he is incapable of rhetoric. He does not mar his representation by false emphasis or elaborate gesture. His tones and movements are alike harmonious. He does not destroy at his first entrance upon the stage the possibility of subsequent emotion. He has a reserve of force, upon which he does not call in vain. He expresses what he has to say with unerring hand and voice. His art, like that of the writer or painter, is an art of expressing something outside himself. He does not show us Chaliapin with weary iteration. He shows us *Ivan* or *Boris* or *Don Quixote*, interpreting for us as he goes the meaning and idiosyncrasy of each. Whatever be his part, he plays it with a dignity of restraint, a sense of character, an elimination of self, which have not been seen in any actor of our time."

In his personation of *Ivan the Terrible*, we are told, there is nothing of Chaliapin:

"The ruthless Emperor is represented as the Oriental that he was. He appears before us old and awkward and suspicious.

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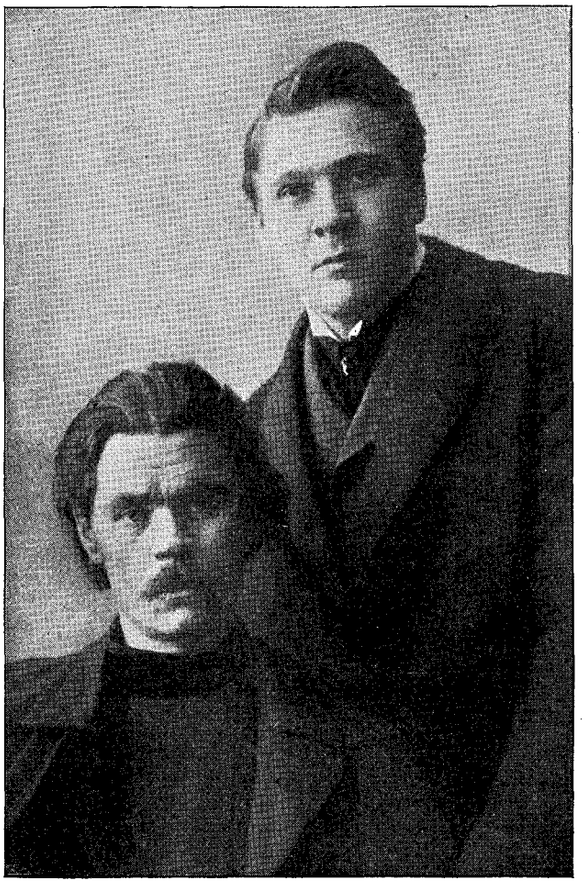
His thin, parted beard, his hooked nose, his Mongolian lips are a sure index of his character. There is a studied clumsiness in his movements, which you are sure belonged to the man himself. When he drinks you can hear his teeth rattle on the wine-cup. His fingers dissect with a savage curiosity the food set before him. He comes before us in such a guise that nothing he says or does can surprize us. The differences of his wayward nature are subtly harmonized. His cruelty and his tenderness are alike made credible. His heavy-lidded eyes deliver, before his tongue, the message of his elemental passion. And in spite of diversities the Emperor's dignity is constant and unchanging. His first entrance upon the stage—it is in the second act—is a very miracle of pompous tranquillity. You are prepared by the crowd for a terrible apparition, and *Ivan* appears upon his white horse, Eastern and sardonic, a monument of disquieting quietude.

"Thus with shifting emotions his dignity remains immutable. When he finds a daughter he is still a despot. He pardons the city, bidding cease the massacre, with the sudden graciousness of a tyrant. Even his grief at his daughter's death is the more bitter because it is the grief of a monarch still unapproachable. Here, at any rate, is a consistent portrait, consistently drawn by a master's hand, a portrait which, for those who have seen it, will survive ineffaceably with memory itself."

His equal upon our modern stage would be manifestly impossible to find, and we have no touchstone by which he may be tried:

"If we would match him we must go back in our theatrical annals as far as Edmund Kean. At all hazards these two actors have arrived at the same goal: the object of Kean was, the object of M. Chaliapin is, to suppress self, to represent something which lies beyond the complacency of egoism. Kean, as we know, got his effects from the street or the prize-ring. He interpreted the heroes of Shakespeare in the terms of a vivid experience. What Hazlitt says of him would fit M. Chaliapin like a glove: 'He exhibited'—in 'Richard III.'—'all that energy and discrimination, that faculty of identifying himself with the character he represents, which are to be ranked among the greatest efforts of human talents.' And again: 'The actor's eye (if truly inspired) comprehends more than is set down for him, starts at hidden fancies that only pale passion sees, and his voice is a trembling echo and the broken instrument of thoughts and of an agony that lie too deep for mere words to express.' Thus Hazlitt of Kean, and there is no word of it which may not be truthfully applied to M. Chaliapin, the Edmund Kean of our day.

"It is a difficult enterprise to compare the living with the dead, but especially when it is a transient art which they practise. Yet if M. Chaliapin's method differs not from Kean's, the ambition of the two men appears to be the same. Kean was happiest when he was asked to represent the characters of Shakespeare. There he found the proper fuel for the fire of his passion. And assuredly M. Chaliapin was born into this world to play his part in the tragedies of our English poet. It matters not whether the lines be sung or said. M. Chaliapin would prove their inspired interpreter. His own desire is to act *Macbeth*, and admirably would he show us *Macbeth's* vacillating spirit. But rather than as *Macbeth* or as *Othello* I would see him as *Lear* with *Mad Tom* defying the storm upon the blasted heath."



GORKI AND CHALIAPIN.

The upper of the two figures is the singing-actor hailed by the English as the greatest actor since Edmund Kean.

THE CALL TO THE POETS

ENGLAND'S POETS are rushing into verse, but our papers, that are better placed to preserve some calmness of judgment, find the outpourings sadly lacking. "There is a good deal of fuss and fury," observes the Boston *Transcript*, "the sort of careless roughness that comes from hurry to get to press rather than from rugged vehemence." Calling the roll of the principals, this paper notes Robert Bridges as sounding the "call to the colors" and "William Watson, ready for any fracas, Stephen Phillips hoping daily to 'come back'; Alfred Noyes substituting cudgel for olive-branch in the propaganda of Peace." On the other hand, it notes that Kipling is strangely silent, while Masefield, the man who might give England's dreadnoughts some sort of virile battle-hymn, is meditating." Our department of "Current Poetry" will sift the war verse here and abroad in future issues; meantime we echo the disappointment over the present output, for, as *The Transcript* avers, "it is a sorry pity that when, if ever, a nation's singers should rise to inspiration, England turns out, for the most part, journeymen's work." Giving specimens:

"Robert Bridges's poem lacks power and size, for the very obvious reasons that he has not the fire to drive his short lines to anything better than

> Thou careless, awake!
> Thou peacemaker, fight!
> Stand England for honor
> And God guard the right.

"Stephen Phillips varies the monotony of such atrocious lines as

> Him whom God destroys He maddens first,
> Then thy destruction slake thy madman's thirst,

with the excellent, tho perhaps obvious, recollection that it was on 'the haunted ground' of Belgium that

> There bowed a mightier war lord to his fall.

"William Watson, also, 'has it in' for the German Emperor, and says so frankly and well:

> At last we know you, War Lord. You that flung
> The gauntlet down, fling down the mask you wore.
> Publish your heart and let your pent hate pour—
> You that had God forever on your tongue.

"Whatever the truth of the matter, the poets are all very bitter over what Alfred Noyes calls 'the felon hands' of Germany. But they are not able to see in 'that trampling, drilling foolery in the heart of Europe,' which H. G. Wells has so much more brilliantly and bitterly described, one side, and one side only, of the German race. They have not struck that high note of the novelist when he asked that in the hour of victory England should remember to save a noble race from vindictive revenge.

"Alfred Noyes, in the best poem of the lot, stands squarely to the guns of what has been his antiwar campaign:

> Thus only should it have come, if come it must,
> Not with a riot of flags or a mob-born cry.

"But how petty even his versifying compared to what was presumably its inspiration."

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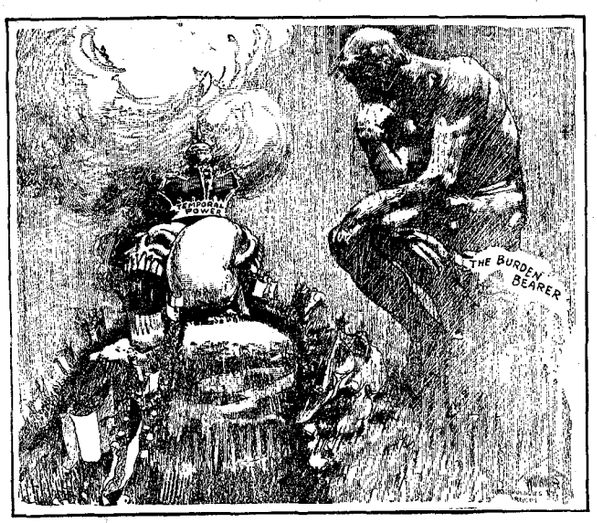
RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

MILITARISM ANALYZED

A PICTURE for which we shall have to wait for history to furnish the key is drawn by Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, dealing with the spectacle of this century's militaristic display. "Delusion," he calls it, for the article was written before the war-clouds rose above the Servian horizon. Now the significance of everything is changed, but the details that go to make up the picture still have their salience. He notes, in the rôle of the historian of the future, the preparations made for war ever since the century began, especially among the



THE THINKER,

Who watches the struggling armies reaching for temporal power.

—Williams in the Boston *Traveler*.

nations which confest allegiance to the Prince of Peace. He sees that these "preparations were carried forward with tremendous energy and enthusiasm, and that the air was filled with prophetic voices picturing national calamities and predicting bloody and world-embracing conflicts." Alongside this fact the historian of the future will find another fact no less conspicuous and universal, that everybody of importance in the early years of the twentieth century was an ardent champion of peace. In *The Christian Century* (Chicago), Dr. Jefferson continues:

"He will find incontestable evidence that the King of England was one of the truest friends of peace who ever sat on the English throne, that the German Emperor proclaimed repeatedly that the cause of peace was ever dear to his heart, that the President of the United States was so effective as a peacemaker that he won a prize for ending a mighty war, that the Czar of Russia was so zealous in his devotion to peace that he called the nations to meet in solemn council to consider measures for ushering in an era of universal amity and good will, and that the President of France, the King of Italy, and the Mikado of Japan were not a whit behind their royal brethren in offering sacrifices on the altar of the Goddess of Peace. A crowd of royal peacemakers in a world surcharged with thoughts and threats of war, a band of lovers strolling down an avenue which they themselves had lined with lyddite shells and twelve-inch guns, this will cause our historian to rub his eyes.

"His bewilderment, however, will reach its climax when he discovers that it was after the establishment of an international court that all the nations voted to increase their armaments. Everybody conceded that it was better to settle international disputes by reason rather than by force, but as soon as the legal machinery was created by means of which the swords could be dispensed with, there was a fresh fury to perfect at once all the instruments of destruction. After each new peace conference there was a fresh cry for more guns. Our historian will read with gladness the records of the Hague Conference, and of the laying of the foundation of a periodic Congress of Nations, and of a permanent High Court. He will note the neutralization of Switzerland, Belgium, and Norway; the compact entered into by the countries bordering on the North Sea, to respect one another's territorial rights forever; the agreement of the same sort solemnly ratified by all the countries bordering on the Baltic; the signing of more than sixty arbitration treaties, twelve of these by the Senate of the United States; the creation of an International Bureau of American Republics, embracing twenty-one nations; the establishment of a Central American High Court; the elaboration and perfection of legal instruments looking toward the parliament of man, the federation of the world.

"He will also note that while these splendid achievements of the peace spirit were finding a habitation and a name, the nations were thrilled as never before by dismal forebodings and the world was darkened by whispers of death and destruction. While the Palace of Peace at The Hague was being built, nations hailed the advent of the air-ship as a glorious invention, because of the service it could render to the cause of war. This unprecedented growth of peace sentiment, accompanied by a constant increase of jealousy and suspicion, of fear and panic, among the nations of the earth, will set our historian to work to ascertain the meaning of this strange phenomenon, the most singular perhaps to be met with in the entire history of the world."

It will not take him long to discover, points out the writer, that the fountains from which there flowed these dark and swollen streams of war rumor were all located within the military and naval encampments.

"It was the experts of the army and navy who were always shivering at some new peril, and painting somber pictures of what would happen in case new regiments were not added to the army and additional battle-ships were not voted for the fleet. It was Lord Roberts, for instance, who discovered how easily England could be overrun by a German army; and it was General Kuropatkin who had discernment to see that the Russo-Japanese war was certain to break out again. The historian will note that the magazine essays on 'Perils' were written for the most part by military experts, and that the newspaper scare-articles were the productions of young men who believed what the military experts had told them. Many naval officers, active and retired, could not make an after-dinner speech without casting over their hearers the shadow of some impending conflict.

"It was in this way that legislative bodies came to think that possibly the country was really in danger; and looking round for a ground on which to justify new expenditures for war material, they seized upon an ancient pagan maxim—furnished by the military experts—'If you wish peace, prepare for war.' The old adage, once enthroned, worked with the energy of a god. The love of war had largely passed away. The illusion which for ages it had created in the minds of millions had lost its spell. Men had come to see that war is butchery, savagery, murder, hell. They believed in reason. Peace was seen to be the one supreme blessing for the world, but to preserve the peace it was necessary to prepare for war. This lay at the center of the policy of the twentieth century. No guns were asked for to kill men with—guns were mounted as safeguards of the peace. No battle-ships were launched to fight with—they were preservers of the peace. Colossal armies and gigantic navies were exhibited as a nation's ornaments—beautiful tokens of its love of peace. And following thus the Angel of Peace, the nations increased their armaments until they spent upon them over two billions of dollars every year, and had amassed national debts aggregating thirty-five billions. The expenditure crusht the poorest of the nations and crippled the richest of them, but the burden was gladly borne because it was a sacrifice for the cause of peace. It was a pathetic and thrilling testimony of the human heart's hatred of war and longing for

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peace, when the nations became willing to bankrupt themselves in the effort to keep from fighting."

The historian of the future will not see things in the same light as we do. He "will begin to ask whether there might have been any relation between the multiplication of the instruments of slaughter and the constant rise of the tide of war talk and war feeling":

"He will probably suspect that the mere presence of the shining apparatus of death may have kindled in men's hearts feelings of jealousy and distrust, and created panics which even Hague conferences and peaceful-minded rulers and counselors could not possibly allay. When he finds that it was only men who lived all their lives with guns who were haunted by horrible visions and kept dreaming hideous dreams, and that the larger the armament the more was a nation harassed by fears of invasion and possible annihilation, he will propound to himself these questions: Was it all a delusion, the notion that vast military and naval establishments are a safeguard of the peace? Was it a form of national lunacy, this frenzied outpouring of national treasure for the engines of destruction? Was it a hallucination, this feverish conviction that only by guns can a nation's dignity be symbolized, and her place in the world's life and action be honorably maintained?"

At this point Dr. Jefferson's article diverts to the discussion of a desirable change in the world's attitude toward militarism. But events have rendered naught his exhortations. He has some words upon the psychology of the militarist, however, that may help students in understanding events as they are unrolling before his eyes to-day:

"The militarist of our day betrays certain symptoms with which the student of pathology is not altogether unfamiliar. There are obsessions which obtain so firm a grip upon the mind that it is difficult to banish them. For example, a man who has the impression that he is being tracked by a vindictive and relentless foe is not going to sit down and quietly listen to an argument the aim of which is to prove that no such enemy exists, and that the sounds which have caused the panic are the footfalls of an approaching friend. The militarist will listen to no man who attempts to prove that his 'perils' are creations of the brain. Indeed, he is exceedingly impatient under contradiction; and, here again, he is like all victims of hallucinations. To deny his assumptions or to question his conclusions, is to him both blasphemy and treason, a sort of profanity and imbecility worthy of contempt and scorn. He alone stands on foundations which can not be shaken, and other men who do not possess his inside information, or technical training for dealing with such questions, are living in a fools' paradise. The ferocity with which he attacks all who dare oppose him is the fury of a man whose brain is abnormally excited.

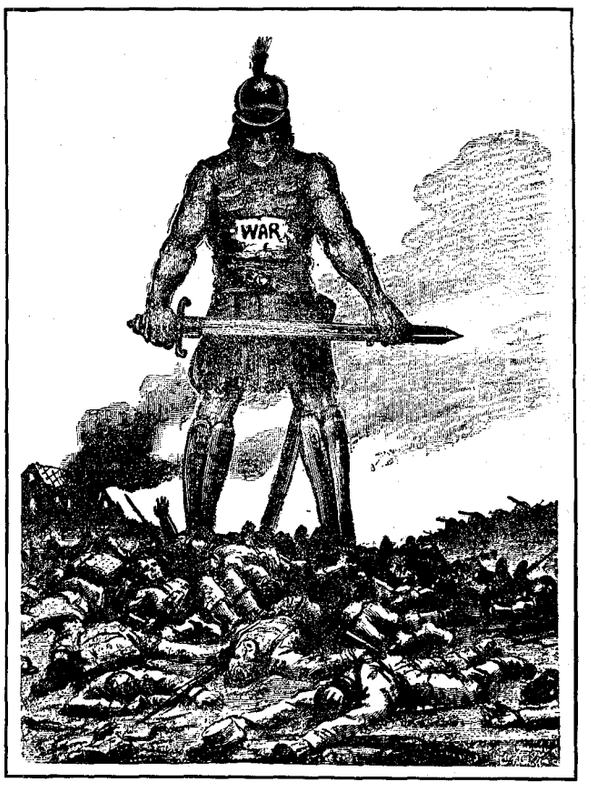
"Like many another fever, militarism grows by what it feeds on, and unless checked by heroic measures is certain to burn the patient up. Men in a delirium seldom have a sense of humor. The world is fearfully grim to them, and life a solemn and tragic thing. They express absurdities with a sober face, and make ridiculous assertions without a smile. It may be that the militarists are in a sort of delirium. At any rate, they publish articles entitled, 'Armies the Real Promoters of Peace,' without laughing aloud at the grotesqueness of what they are doing.

"The militarist is comic in his seriousness. He says that if you want to keep the peace you must prepare for war, and yet he knows that where men prepare for war by carrying bowie-knives, peace is a thing unheard of, and that where every man is armed with a revolver the list of homicides is longest. He declares his belief in kindly feelings and gentle manners, and proceeds at once to prove that a nation ought to make itself look as ferocious as possible. In order to induce nations to be gentlemen, he would have them all imitate the habits of rowdies. To many persons this seems ludicrous, to a militarist it is no joke. He is a champion of peace, but he wants to carry a gun. The man who paces up and down my front pavement with a gun on his shoulder may have peaceful sentiments, but he does not infuse peace into me. It does not help matters for him to shout out every few minutes, 'I will not hurt you if you behave yourself,' for I do not know his standard of good behavior, and the very sight of the gun keeps me in a state of chronic alarm. But the militarist says that, for promoting harmonious sentiments and peaceful emotions, there is nothing equal to an abundance of well-constructed guns.

"A droll man, indeed, is the militarist. What matters it what honeyed words the King of England and the German Kaiser interchange so long as each nation hears constantly the launching by the other of a larger battle-ship? And even tho Prince Bülow may say to Mr. Asquith a hundred times a week, 'We mean no harm,' and Mr. Asquith may shout back, 'We are your friends,' so long as London and Berlin are never beyond ear-shot of soldiers who are practising how to shoot to kill, just so long will England and Germany be flooded with the gossip of hatred, and thrown into hysteria by rumors of invasion and carnage."

THE APPEAL OF THE WOMEN

THE HAND OF THE WOMAN is raised against the warring nations, and the following appeal, signed by Anna Howard Shaw, Jane Addams, Desha Breckinridge, and Caroline Ruutz-Rees, is sent to the organized suffragists of



NINETEEN CENTURIES AFTER CHRIST.
—Nelson Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

twenty-six countries in the name of the National American Woman Suffrage Association:

"The cloud of a great international war darkens all Europe and the shadow of the conflict hangs over all the nations of the world, insuring disaster to all people and the turning back of civilization for a century to come.

"During the past hundred years women have given their toil not only to motherhood and the cares of family life, but also to the building up of the great industries of every country. They have devoted thought and energy and have made great sacrifices to develop education and establish reforms for the betterment of humanity. Hundreds of thousands have sacrificed their lives to the life-giving vocation of motherhood. Yet without one thought of the sufferings and sacrifices of mothers who have reared sons, or of the tremendous industrial burdens that war will impose upon women, who will have to do their own work and the work of the men called to the field of battle; without consideration of the little children who will have to be taken from school or from play for industrial toil thus wantonly imposed upon them by the Government whose duty it is to protect and shield them; this curse of a medieval war is thrust upon those whose will and wish have not been consulted.

"Is it that hundreds of thousands of their sons may go down to death before the terrible machinery of modern war that the

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nations call upon women to give their youth, their years of toil, and their labor for a higher civilization? Have they reared sons only to become prey to the ambition of kings and exploiters? Shall the strongest and noblest of the races of men be sacrificed and only the weak and maimed left to perpetuate mankind?

"The suffragists of the United States call upon the women of the world to arise in protest against this unspeakable wrong and to show war-crazed men that between the contending armies there stand thousands of women and children who are the innocent victims of men's unbridled ambitions; that under the heels of each advancing army are crusht the lives, the hopes, the happiness of countless women whose rights have been ignored, whose homes have been blighted, and whose honor will be sacrificed if this unholy war does not cease and reason and justice take the place of hate, revenge, and greed. This is not a national issue; it involves all humanity. . . . . ."

LORD MORLEY'S SPIRITUAL SIDE

THE "honorable and lifelong protest against the wickedness and insanity of war," with which a writer in *The London Quarterly* accredits Lord Morley in an article written before the outbreak of the European conflict, became an actuality of moment with his resignation from the British cabinet when war was declared between England and Germany. It is "the depth and tenderness of his social sympathies," we are told, that "give edge and passion" to Lord Morley's antipathy to war, for through all his long life he has never forgotten, to use the statesman's own words, "the masses of men, those who dwell in dens and whose lives are bitter." And again we hear him say: "I count that day basely spent in which no thought is given to the life of the garret and the hovel." It is this sense of the brotherhood of man, the *Quarterly* writer tells us, that drew Morley so strongly to Voltaire, and not the great Frenchman's "reckless speculative intelligence," just as it is the lack of it that led Morley "to rebuke even his great master, Edmund Burke." Morley is at a loss to understand, we read, why Burke could not see that "that for which men cried in the days of the French Revolution was no idle abstraction, no metaphysical right of man, 'but only the practical right of being permitted by their own toil to save themselves and the little ones about their knees from hunger and cruel death.'" Yet it is perhaps in his insistence on "the supremacy of the ethical and spiritual," says the writer, that we see most clearly "the commanding influence of Morley's Christian environment," and he adds:

"One or two of his recorded judgments will best illustrate what is meant. Thus he makes it a ground of complaint against Emerson that he has so little to say of 'that horrid burden and impediment on the soul which the Churches call sin, and which, by whatever name we call it, is a very real catastrophe in the moral nature of man.' . . . . .

"When Dr. Draper lays it down as a fundamental axiom of history that human progress depends upon increase of our knowledge of the conditions of material phenomena, this is Morley's comment: 'As if moral advance, the progressive elevation of types of character and ethical ideals, were not at least an equally important cause of improvement in civilization. The type of Saint Vincent de Paul is plainly as indispensable to progress as the type of Newton.'"

In his choice of spiritual masters, the writer points out, Morley shows "the same bent of soul," altho "ignorant and prejudiced people speak sometimes as if his thinking had been fashioned solely on French models of a type peculiarly distasteful to English minds," and we are informed that—

"A mere glance at his collected works should be sufficient to dispel this delusion, even if we had not his own distinct and emphatic disclaimer. 'Men,' he says, 'who sympathize with him (Voltaire) in his aims, and even for their sake forgive him his method, who have long ago struck the tents under which they once found shelter in the lands of belief, to whom Catholicism has become as extinct a thing as Mohammedanism, even they will turn with better chance of edification to the great masters and teachers of the old faith than to the fiery precursor of the new.'

"Every one knows his profound admiration for the writings of John Henry Newman and Dean Church. It may be of interest, too, to mention that during one of Gladstone's political campaigns in Midlothian he told his host one morning at breakfast that he had just received from John Morley a little volume sent to him because of the delight and profit it had yielded to Morley himself. It was John Woolman's *Journal*. Those who have turned over the quiet pages of the pious Quaker will not need to be told that one who could find strength and refreshment there has little in common with the hardy blasphemer whom, twenty-five years ago, men thought they saw in the biographer of Voltaire, Diderot, and Rousseau."

In passing, the writer recalls that at one time in his Oxford days Morley was "intending to take orders in the Anglican Church," and he goes on to say that:

"We are always conscious in Morley's references to religion of his sense of the seriousness and magnitude of the issues at stake. He is no light-minded trifler, 'sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer.' There is a certain high seriousness, a certain somber nobleness, even in his denials. The elegant dabbler in infidelity, for whom the great controversy is not a grim battle but only a glittering tournament; the agnostic who has 'his day with the fine ladies like the black footboy of other times or the spirit-rapper and table-turner of our own'—all this moves him to a wholesome scorn.

"Moreover, Morley never allows himself, like Voltaire, to be blinded to the historical greatness of the Christian faith, and the part which it has played in human affairs."

"The two things best worth attending to in history," the writer quotes Morley as saying, "are not party intrigues nor battles nor dynastic affairs, nor even many acts of Parliament, but the great movement of the economic forces of a society on the one hand and on the other the forms of religious opinion and ecclesiastical organization." The writer adds:

"And so he can recognize the worth of things as far apart as the monotheism of the Old Testament and the evangelicalism of John Wesley. In the one he sees 'the germ of much that is purest and loftiest and most inspiring among the ideals of western civilization'; in the other he recognizes the base of many of the powerful characters of the nineteenth century, from John Henry Newman downward.

"He admits, too, that Christianity was the only force by which the regeneration of Europe could have been effected after the decline of the Roman civilization. More than once he stands forward as the champion of the Church of the Middle Ages, against which so much ignorant abuse has been directed. 'Amid many imperfections and some crimes,' he declares, 'it did a work that no glory of physical science can equal, and no instrument of physical science can compass, in purifying men's appetites, in setting discipline and direction on their lives, and in offering to humanity new types of moral obligation and fairer ideals of saintly perfection, whose light still shines like a star to guide our own poor voyages.'"

A PRAYER FOR THOSE AT WAR—The Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York, Dr. David H. Greer, has published the following prayer for use in the churches of his diocese during the war:

"O God, Who hast made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth, and Who in Thy Holy Word hast taught us that One is Our Father, even God, and that all we are brethren: We pray Thee in this dark hour of international strife that Thou wilt open the eyes of the people, and those who in Thy Name are entrusted with the authority of governance, to see and understand their right and true relation to Thee, and through Thee to one another. Teach them by Thy Spirit that hatred and violence are not strength, but weakness; that the true safeguarding of a nation is not to be found in weapons of war, but in those eternal principles which make for righteousness and truth and brotherhood and peace. Give to those who shall suffer in the war which is raging now the consolations of Thy grace. Heal the sick; comfort the wounded; minister to the dying, and bind up the broken heart. Bring, we pray Thee, to a speedy end this international strife; and hasten the time when peace shall flourish out of the earth, and all shall dwell together in unity and love, and war shall be no more. We ask it in the Name of Our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen."

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CURRENT POETRY

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE is a poet whose name is popularly associated with modernity. Yet to *The Forum* he contributes a sequence of Shakespearian sonnets.

Furthermore, he demonstrates his mastery of that beautiful old form. "Sonnets of a Portrait Painter" are true reflections of a lover's varying moods. Some of them are exquisite works of art; all of them are skilfully wrought. The two which we quote are chosen chiefly because they most readily endure separation from the context.

Two Sonnets

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

There Are Strange Shadows

There are strange shadows fostered of the moon,
  More numerous than the clear-cut shade of day. . . .
Go forth, when all the leaves whisper of June,
  Into the dusk of swooping bats at play,—
Or go into that late November dusk
  When hills take on the noble lines of death,
And on the air the faint astringent musk
  Of rotting leaves pours vaguely troubling breath.—
Then shall you see shadows whereof the sun
  Knows nothing, ay, a thousand shadows there
Shall leap and flicker and stir and stay and run,
  Like petrels of the changing foul or fair,—
Like ghosts of twilight, of the moon, of him
Whose homeland lies past each horizon's rim. . . .

I Have Seen Beauties

I have seen beauties where light stabs the hills
  Gold-shafted through a cloud of rosy stain.
I have known splendor where the summer spills
  Its tropic wildness of torrential rain.
I have felt all the free young dominance
  Of winds that walk the mountains in delight
To tear the tree-trunks from their rooted stance
  And make the gorges thunderous of their might.
The light, the torrents, and the winds, in you
  I thought I had perceived to kinship grown.
It was a dream. Until this hour, I knew
  Nothing—nay, nothing all my days have known
Where beauty, splendor, freedom, held such part
As when you came—and swept me to your heart.

The publication of a poem by Alice Meynell is an important event in the world of letters. The London *Athenæum* recently had the honor to print these lovely lines. "The Thrush Before Dawn" is the greatest poem inspired by a bird since Shelley's "Skylark." Its beauty is flawless and the transcendent splendor of the last stanza, so great and yet so simply exprest, shows unmistakably its author's genius.

The Thrush Before Dawn

BY ALICE MEYNELL

A voice peals in this end of night
  A phrase of notes resembling stars,
Single and spiritual notes of light.
  What call they at my window-bars?
The South, the past, the day to be,
An ancient infelicity.

Darkling, deliberate, what sings
  This wonderful one, alone, at peace?
What wilder things than song, what things
  Sweeter than youth, clearer than Greece,
Dearer than Italy, untold
Delight, and freshness centuries old?
And first first-loves, a multitude,
  The exaltation of their pain;
Ancestral childhood long renewed;
  And midnights of invisible rain;
And gardens, gardens, night and day,
Gardens and childhood all the way.

What Middle Ages passionate,
  O passionless voice! What distant bells
Lodged in the hills, what palace state
  Illyrian! For it speaks, it tells,
Without desire, without dismay,
Some morrow and some yesterday.

All—natural things! But more—whence came
  This yet remoter mystery?
How do these starry notes proclaim
  A graver still divinity?
This hope, this sanctity of fear?
O innocent throat! O human ear!

There are readers whom the deliberate introduction of the mystical number seven, which was done to death by the poets of the Preraffaelite Brotherhood, will annoy. But the maker of this charming Celtic picture (from *The Irish Review*) uses the number as naturally, it may be supposed, as Mr. Yeats used "nine" in his best poem—"The Lake Isle of Innisfree."

June

BY GERALDINE PLUNKETT

I fill my heart with store of memories
  Lest I should ever leave these lovèd shores,
Of lime-trees humming with slow drone of bees,
  Of honey dripping sweet from sycamores,

Of how a fir-tree set upon a hill
  Lifts up its seven branches to the stars,
Of the gray summer heats when all is still
  And even grasshoppers cease their little wars,

Of how a chestnut droops its great green sleeve
  Down to the grass that nestles in the sod,
Of how a blackbird in a bush at eve
  Sings to me suddenly the praise of God.

Punch has always been famous for its light verse. A recent issue contained this whimsical song, full of the very spirit of summer.

The Sweet o' the Year

Get your summer smocks on, ye little elves and fairies!
  Put your winter ones away in burrows underground—
  Thick leaves and thistledown,
  Rabbit's- and missel-down,
Woven in your magic way which no one ever varies,
  Worn in earthy hidey-holes till spring comes round!

Get your summer smocks on! Be clad no more in russet!
  All the flow'rs are fashion-plates and fabrics for your wear—
  Gold and silver gossamer,
  Webs from every blossomer,
Fragrant and so delicate (with neither seam nor gusset),
  Filmily you spin them, but they will not tear!

Get your summer smocks on, for all the woodland's waking,
  All the glades with green and glow salute you with a shout,
  All the earth is chorusing
  (Hear the Lady Flora sing!—
Her that strews the hyacinths and sets you merry-making),
  Oak and ash do call you and the blackthorn's out!

Get your summer smocks on, for soon's the time of dances
  Soon's the time of junketings and revelers' delights—
  Dances in your pleasances
  Where your dainty presence is
Dangerous to mortals mid the moonlight that entrances,
  Dazzling to a mortal eye on hot June nights!

Here is a poem that has little passion to recommend it; it is rather an elaborate exercise than an inevitable utterance. But it is a lovely piece of verbal embroidery, full of light and color. The second and third stanza are especially rich in decoration. We take it from the London *Nation*.

Dream-Journeys

BY R. GORELL BARNES

If on a sudden you and I had wings,
  If Time and Space came round us like a mist
So we were set a-journeying where we list
  To follow all the breezes' wanderings,
Still and together, motionless in change;
  Or if some genie, born from out the air,
  On magic tapestry us twain should bear,
What haunts beloved, what climes most longed for would we range?

Would we away and idly hover down
  Where new, like ivy, sets itself on old
To see the blossoms, billowy fold on fold,
  Below the ward of Fugi's snowy crown;
Or with the lion watch shy Kenia pearled
  Beneath the dawn's caress; or tread the land
  Where the hoar temples creep into the sand
And the Mueddin rises through an orange-colored world?

Would we see realms of Akbar, and be found
  By the gemmed palace of the chosen queen?
Would saffron-scented Jhelum flow unseen,
  And hid be high Potala and "God's ground"?
Ever the old? Would we not seek the new,
  Search out the spreading granaries of earth,
  The teeming vastness and great cities' birth,
Where lately roamed at large the moose and caribou?

Would we be gone so far, and never take
  The Rhône for comrade to the terraced vines,
  Nor, journeying upward through the rugged pines,
Come to the snows from which its waters break?
  Would we explore the dark-lived steeps of Spain,
  And would the wonder of our eyes be given
To gray-green olive-slopes, pure blue of heaven,
And mighty, broken shell of Pentelican fane?

And Italy? Would we not silent glide
  To still lagoon by hushed, cool ocean-streets;
Stand where the gleaming Appian ribbon meets
  The azure sky; and in Val d'Arno bide—
Ah, stay for ever, and, when summer fell,
  Bargain for wealth of melons, figs, and flowers,
  Make lazy dream of all the golden hours,
Attuned to languorous note of distant convent-bell?

Maybe, to all of these; and each in turn
  Would yield us of its grandeur, charm, or ease;
But still we should not know the depths of peace,
  Our spirits still unsatisfied would yearn
For some soft vale where thrush and blackbird sing,
  For frail, unfolding beechen canopy,
  A zephyr faint with primrose ecstasy,
And all the thrilling lilt of English woods in spring.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

ANECDOTES OF THE WAR-MAKERS

WILLIAM the Sudden, now more than ever living up to his sobriquet, has always been careful to impress upon the Germans his ideal of a perfect physique. It is not generally known that the Kaiser is himself partially a cripple. Since birth his left arm has been practically useless, but so cleverly does he hide this that it takes a keen observer to detect his deficiency. One of the Kaiser's favorite habits is rapid and nervous gesticulation of the right hand and arm, in a manner almost Gallic. In this way has he learned to distract attention from the other arm, that in its shortened sleeve hangs limply at his side. The New York *Evening Sun* remarks upon the courageous way in which, as a boy, he learned to overcome his handicap, and tells the story of his early career:

The way in which he overcame this physical disability, which might have caused a different sort of man to think his whole life ruined or embittered, showed in him the grit of a brave youth. He trained his right arm to do the work of two. He gradually taught himself—at how much pains none but himself will ever know—to row, to swim, to fence, to shoot, to handle the reins and the tiller, and to play the piano. He does all of those things to-day—and does them all uncommonly well.

For schooling, the young prince went to Cassel and to Bonn. He was a boy among boys; he threw himself impetuously into the life of his fraternity, attending its jolly symposia of beer, tobacco, song, and dueling. It is interesting to remember this, now that he has been prohibiting the student duels and quarreling so sternly with the beer tipplers.

He has always been a man of energy. Trite, but true, he is much akin to our own Titan of Oyster Bay. For some years after his accession, laughter, amazement, and a half-scandalized applause followed the Kaiser wherever he went and in all things he did and said. He was the *enfant terrible* among the royalty of Europe. He was always startling the world by some new freakish impulse, some grotesque oration, some new display of quaint versatility. William flashed around Europe with unbridled pomp and yards of tinsel. William mounted the pulpit. William flung the doctrine of divine right in the very face of triumphant democracy. William scolded his nobles; proclaimed his mastery of the aims and spirit of the twentieth century; threatened to "dash in pieces all who opposed him"; settled a great strike as a father settles a nursery dispute; devised new uniforms and court dresses, new dances and pageants; saved society with an international labor conference; painted pictures, composed verses; dismissed Bismarck, and became, in truth, William the Second to None. In each guise he intrigued, mystified, shocked, or disturbed a wondering world.

Sir John Jellicoe, he of the comic-opera name who leads England's Home Fleet and is responsible to his Sovereign for the safety of the coast-line of Great Britain and Ireland, is one of the most insignificant men in stature in the British Navy. Yet his intrepidity is as great as his inches are few. In his younger days he was a famous boxer, footballer, and all-around athlete. Since then his adventures, says the New York *Evening Sun*, have been many:

He has seen plenty of fighting. As a sub-lieutenant he was present at the bombardment of Alexandria, and afterward took part in the battle of Tel-el-Kebir as an officer of the Naval Brigade.

Jellicoe was ill, suffering from Malta fever, on board the *Victoria* when it was rammed by the *Camperdown* and sent to the bottom of the Mediterranean off the coast of Syria, carrying down with her Admiral Sir George Tryon and more than 600 officers and men. Jellicoe miraculously escaped. Indeed, having entered the water when his temperature was over 103, he was fished out at the normal, 98, cured of his illness; so that it was irreverently said that he was born to be hanged.

He was badly wounded in the attempt to relieve the foreign legations at Peking fourteen years ago, while serving on the staff of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Edward Seymour; he received a Boxer bullet through his lungs, but managed to recover. He is regarded in the English and foreign navies as more responsible than any other officer for the marvelous progress in naval gunnery in the British Fleet.

It will be recalled that the French Premier who recently gave out France's answer to the German ultimatum, and who is to be her guiding-hand during the coming campaigns, is a new appointee. After much difficulty in the choice of a Premier, M. Viviani's selection was met with much popular approbation. In THE LITERARY DIGEST for June 27, of this year, appeared a brief sketch of his career. The Salt Lake *Tribune* mentions some of the extraordinary qualities of M. Viviani, which, in this country, might almost be deemed disqualifications for a political office:

Viviani is essentially an artist. He knows the line and the works of every living French painter of prominence. It is said that no poet has gained renown in France in the last generation without a gracious word from him, uttered at a time when the poet was still striving for recognition. The Premier is essentially a man of taste, a discerning critic, and a magician in the use of words. His judgment of a picture is accepted without quibble, and the writer who receives his praise immediately attains fame.

Lately he has attracted, perhaps, more attention than any statesman in France, because of his rich mental gifts and the extraordinary progress which he has made in recent years as an orator. The unfriendly Paris *Gaulois* declares that somehow his genius as an orator shone with unwonted brilliance all at once when he had turned forty-five. Although a man of note in public life for many years, his powers were scattered and wasted until, a few years ago, he obtained a control over them which permitted him to coordinate them in a sort of

Unblinded—

One discovers that coffee drinking is often the cause of needless ills and aches.

It has been the experience of thousands, that headache, sleeplessness, indigestion, heart disturbance, biliousness and numerous other symptoms of disease vanish when one quits coffee with its drug, *caffeine*, and uses a pure food-drink such as

POSTUM

The change is easy and pleasant—nothing missed except the symptoms of *caffeine* poisoning. The change from ill health to comfort is the simple result of replacing the drug-bearing drink, coffee, with the wholesome, nourishing, health beverage, **Postum.**

Then Nature can start her marvelous rebuilding, and with returning health there comes a sense of vigor and comfort that is unmistakable.

Postum now comes in two forms:

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masterly concord. His is the genius that arrives late. He is of fine presence, with flashing eyes and a voice which has been described as a kaleidoscope of sound, changing its effects in every new combination, a voice that at one moment is soft with pathos, at another moment poetic and musical, and often ringing with martial energy and appeal.

Why has the Czar of Russia listened to the Muscovite priest, Gregory Rasputin, and what is the influence which he seems able to exert upon the Czar? In discussing this question, the New York *Evening Sun* quotes Count Sergius Witte, former Premier of Russia and its favorite diplomat in the Western world, as scouting the idea that his influence has been due to any hypnotic power or baleful mysticism. To Witte's mind the matter explains itself quite simply:

If Rasputin has any weight with Emperor Nicholas, it is because the latter regards him as better qualified than any one else to communicate to him the real sentiments and views of that peasantry which embraces 90 per cent. of the population of the Empire and constitutes the backbone and principal force of the vast nation subject to his sway.

Full of the muzhik devotion to the Imperial house and of belief in the Czar himself, as the Little Father of his subjects, Rasputin approves and encourages his Sovereign in all those reforms which are destined for the welfare of the peasant and for his relief from the oppression of the bureaucracy and of the great landowners.

If Rasputin, who emerged from the trials with wholly clean skirts, so successfully urged Emperor Nicholas to refrain from committing his people to war a couple of years or so ago, it was because he was able to convince his Sovereign of the fact that the peasantry which he represented would be averse to it, and would also be the principal sufferers thereby. That they will, according to a French expression, "pay for the broken pots" of the present war, and that it will weigh most heavily upon them, can not be denied; and if Rasputin had been on hand at St. Petersburg, instead of at Irkutsk, in Siberia, recovering from his wounds, he would in all probability have again invoked the Czar and Czarina, in the name of the peasantry of Russia, for the sake of peace. In that event the war might have been localized and restricted to Austria's invasion of Servia. His influence would assuredly have been exercised in behalf of peace.

Had there been no other, more formal declaration of war between France and Germany, the appointment by Premier Viviani of Théophile Delcassé as Minister of War would have been sufficient. This cold and stolid Frenchman is like a flare of scarlet to the Teutonic bull. As recently as January, 1913, Germany ordered the dismissal of Delcassé from the Cabinet. His subsequent appointment as Ambassador to Russia was regarded almost as a direct affront in Berlin, besides being known to be a move full of danger for Germany. Delcassé's favorite occupation

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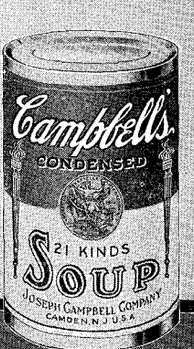

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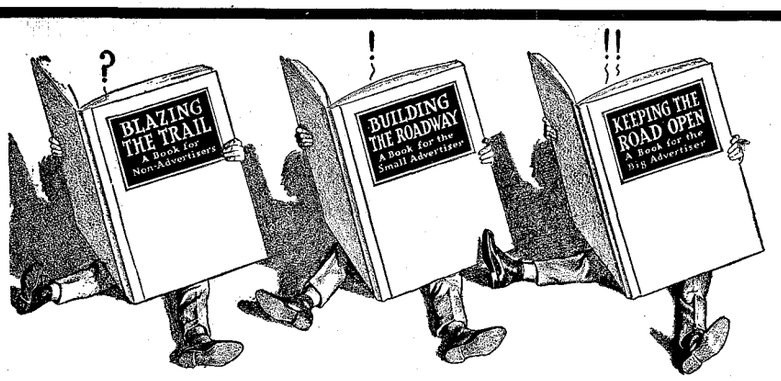
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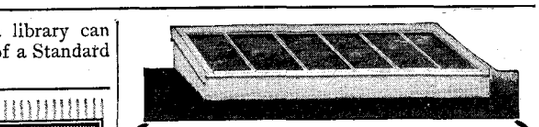

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is making friends with royalty, in which he is said to resemble Lord Beaconsfield. The *entente cordiale* between England and France was built up, if we are to believe the New York *World*, through private informal conferences between Edward VII. and Delcassé, while the French Ambassador and Sir Edward Grey found themselves more than helpless. Delcassé is now the warm personal friend of the Czar as well. A brief description of him follows:

A little man, of stocky, peasant build, whose hair seems always to be in disarray, whose brilliant neckties serve but to emphasize his muddy complexion, and whose ill-fitting clothes look as if they might have been bought at the Shop of Three Balls, he has a face as hard and as strong as marble. Pity, compassion, even the emotion of hatred, seem to it unknown. He is a Frenchman who has nothing of the Frenchman's volubility. And he is a peasant who has the exquisite manners of a prince—when he wants to use them. Standing beside his wife to receive any one distinguished enough to be allowed to take up his time, he is overshadowed by a tall lady of ample proportions, splendidly gowned as befitting the widow in the first instance of a millionaire, who looks downward upon her second spouse with devotion and pride, effacing herself mentally before him so completely that the little man seems to stand there alone and to fill the room with the bigness of his intellectual strength.

Nevertheless, when French officers went to plant the French flag on the Upper Nile and England's objections brought about the "Fashoda incident" and probable war with England in 1898, and Germany stood with open arms, ready to make friends with France, Delcassé refused, and humiliated himself before Great Britain. The English Ambassador in France called to present an ultimatum. He fumbled at his frock-coat button to get the paper from his pocket. War or peace hung on that button—reconciliation with Germany hung on it, too.

"Do not undo that button," said Delcassé. "I must not see that paper. It is a threat, and if I see it France must fight. Matters will arrange themselves."

This was the first seed sown for the *entente cordiale* and the first seed, also, for the present war.

Of Sir Edward Grey, the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Gladstone once said: "I never knew in any man such aptitude for political life with so little inclination toward it." But the events of to-day seem to show that Mr. Gladstone, while right in his fundamental estimate of the English statesman, was much deceived concerning Sir Edward's own attitude in the matter. One writer in *The World* gives an explanation of the misjudgment:

This was on account of Sir Edward's apparent absorption in his favorite sport of dry fly-fishing, of which he is still both in theory and practise the greatest expert. Indeed, the only book that he has ever written was his book on fly-fishing in that famous encyclopedic series on sports, the

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Badminton books—apparently little related to the graver interests of a statesman.

And yet . . . the man who knows just the particular shade of dry-fly necessary to cause the shy trout to risk its all has just the equipment required to angle in the still waters of diplomacy which run so deep.

He has from the beginning disbelieved a notion very common in European chancelleries that lying is a necessary gift for a diplomatist. He could no more lie in public affairs than in private. When he does not want to speak, no amount of House of Commons questioning or pressure could make him, and when he does speak he will speak the truth and nothing but the truth, tho perhaps not the whole truth. I have again and again heard Sir Edward Grey speak in the House of Commons. In his coldness and reserve, in the low and restrained tone of speech, he is a very typical Englishman, a pure Anglo-Saxon. When it fell to his lot to announce war to the House of Commons, he did it in the same even tones he would employ in opening a bazaar. There was no passion in his voice, no declamatory gestures, no attempt to play for a theatrical climax. He was simply doing that which belongs necessarily to his duties, and, however extraordinary, he remained as ordinary as if it were part of the routine of his office.

GERMAN TACTICS AT THE RIVER MEUSE

WHILE the war correspondents in Europe are finding their place in the international conflict, and are bringing their heavy artillery to bear upon the American newspaper, there have been several slight skirmishes in the way of war reporting performed by amateurs who, in the performance, have deserved great credit for their picturesqueness of description and fulness of detail. One of the best of these was the Belgian business man, Benjamin Hallet, who brought to London an account of the storming of Liège and the crossing of the Meuse. As soon as the Germans arrived within sight of Liège, their General von Emmich advanced under a truce flag to demand that no resistance be made by Belgium in the contemplated invasion. The parley proving unsuccessful, the General returned. Says M. Hallet, quoted by the New York *Tribune:*

General von Emmich had barely ridden back across the bridge over the River Meuse, and was still in sight, cantering across the beautiful valley, when there was a long roar, a cracking crash and splash. The bridge had been blown up. General von Emmich was seen to turn on his horse and watch the cloud of dust which went up into the air far above the cloud of smoke from the explosives.

The next hour was, I think, the busiest I have ever seen. Women and children, weeping, were hurried away in every possible kind of vehicle and many on foot, staggering along, trying to run and hardly able to walk because they were carrying so many things. The men, and many women too, were taking up positions to which they were

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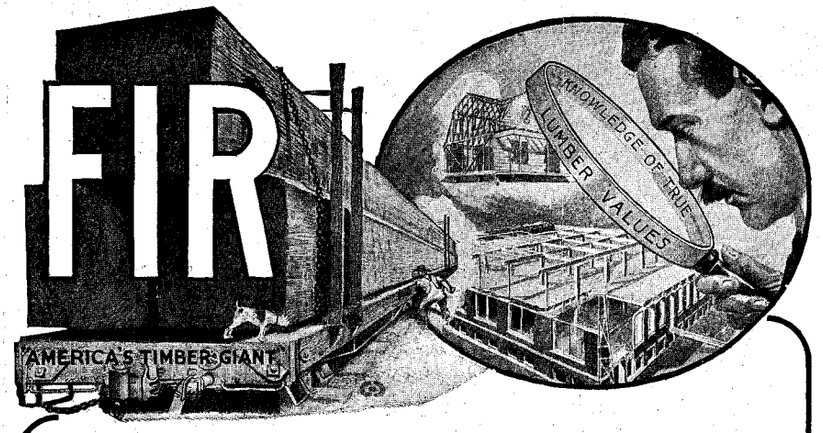

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sent by those who were in charge. The soldiers were hurrying at the double to their positions. Then came an astonishing silence. The Germans were coming.

From the tops of the old disused fortresses, from almost anywhere in the city, in fact, because Liège is on a hill, the German troops could be seen approaching. Just as the first line came into view, the guns of the German artillery, posted somewhere far behind them, started booming. The shells could be heard coming as they hummed through the air. They were not aimed at the city, but at the forts which lie in a crooked line quite some distance out. Some of the shells went wide, buried in the earth, and then kicked up a vicious, spiteful kick. Some hit the forts, but buried themselves in the sand outworks and sputtered out. The forts did not reply.

Ahead of the German column galloped some wagons. They pulled up alongside the river, near the wreckage of the blown-up bridge. The soldiers, looking in the distance like busy ants at work, seemed to be tearing their wagons to pieces and throwing the bits into the river. Other men picked up the bits, and in what seemed an amazingly little while a pontoon bridge began growing in jerks across the river.

The Liège forts all this time seemed dead. I believe the Germans had come to the conclusion they were to be allowed over and into the city without opposition. The Liège gunners were waiting, and all the time they were waiting, they were getting the line on that pontoon bridge.

The first rank of the German soldiers, crossing the bridge, were about twenty feet from the Belgian side, swinging with the bridge, and had just broken from a quaint, slow, waddling march into a run, when the Liège guns let go. When the frightful roar stopped, the only part of the pontoon bridge left was about fifty feet of it on the side where the Germans were, and the surface of the river was wiggling with German soldiers, struggling horribly to free themselves from the dead and the shattered and swim to the side.

At the same time, Liège sharpshooters picked off, one by one, about a dozen German sappers who had stayed on the Belgian side after finishing the bridge and had lain down under the bank. Some of them ran to try to find shelter under the ruins of the old stone bridge, but they were shot down as they ran.

The other German soldiers appeared to take no more notice of what had happened than if it had been part of the arranged program. Another set of wagons galloped up and another pontoon bridge was thrown across the Meuse. Before it was completed at least a hundred of the men building it were shot. As they fell into the river others took their places and went on building the bridge. The German guns about this time did not give so loud a report when firing. I was told that that was because they had been moved closer to the city.

Then the battle began. The Liègeois did not fire much at the artillery, which could not be seen. They waited for the troops. The slaughter was terrible. Every time the advancing line jumped up to run a few yards nearer to us we could see men fall, dead or wounded. I doubt if I could have watched it much longer, even if I could have stayed. And yet it was absolutely fascinating.

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I was told that it had been discovered there were no fewer than 80,000 Germans marching on the city. There were only 40,000 trained soldiers in Liège. How they have held out, I can't understand. No more war for me. No, sir, never.

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Marveling at the good fortune that so unexpectedly befell me, I waited for royalty at the time appointed. I wore, as customary, full dress, with white gloves. Finally a carriage, driven by a single horse, drew up before the studio. I went forward as the door opened and a lady and child, accompanied by a nurse and court dame, entered. This, then, was the Princess—the future empress of the Fatherland. I saw a woman of delicate features, medium in height, with blond hair and dark-blue eyes. She had on a light dress, of very simple pattern, covered with white lace. I saw she wore but one bracelet. She most graciously addrest me. Her voice was gentle and very soft.

"Herr Baumann, I have brought with me my oldest son." She smiled at the little fellow, in charge of the nurse—the present Crown Prince. "We want our photographs taken, and I so hope they will be good—you see I wish to surprize my husband."

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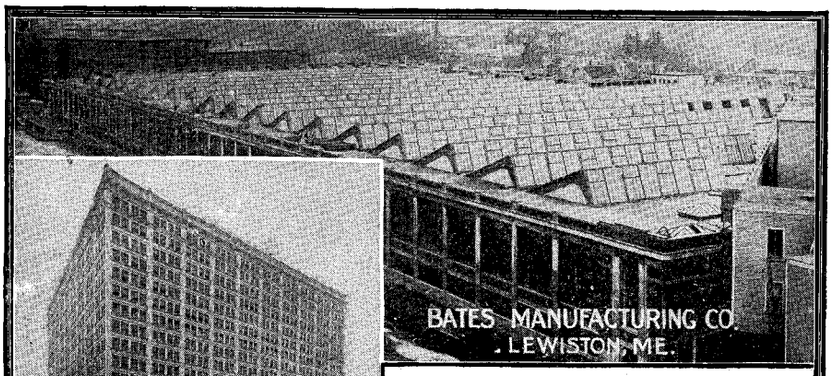

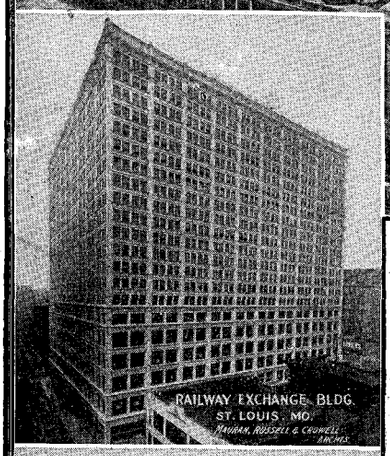

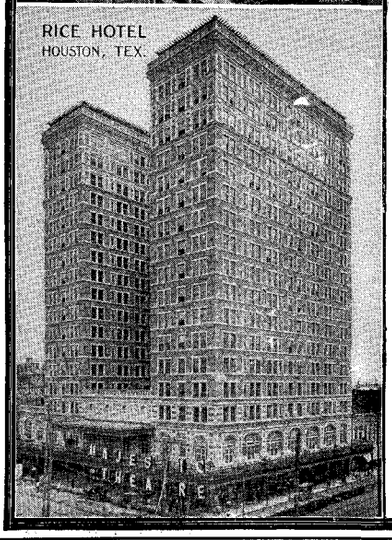

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The Literary Digest

tions, and the sittings began. We first took a number of the future Crown Prince. A lively little fellow, he jumped about in the chair, shouted, and seemed to have no end of fun. I snapt my fingers, told him to look for the bird to fly from the camera. Finally the Princess, taking a rattle, stood beside me and shook it while I made the exposures. When the Princess sat down, her lady-in-waiting primped her hair and smoothed out the folds in her dress. To be royal is not to be unfeminine.

"Is my face pleasant enough?" she asked. And again, "You see I must not smile *too much!*"

From these sittings a satisfactorily generous choice was made, smiling portraits for the Princess's immediate family, serious and dignified poses for public presentation. This was the first great step for the young photographer. He removed to Berlin, where his good fortune was confirmed by a second series of sittings from the Princess. The celebrated Prof. Franz von Lenbach, then a favorite painter for royalty, approved so highly of the young man's work that he suggested a semi-partnership, Herr Baumann to take views of his royal patrons in order to give the painter better acquaintance with his subjects and so obviate the tedium of extra sittings. He accompanied Lenbach to Rome when the celebrated picture of the Pope, now in the Munich Museum, was painted, that was afterward refused by the Pope because of Lenbach's sympathy with Bismarck. It was during these sittings that the Pope made the remark, anent the mad King Ludwig II. of Bavaria: "I am sorry that his mind is affected. I believe his interest in this music of Wagner has affected his mind and driven him insane." In those days Wagneritis was unknown as the violent but harmless affliction with which we are nowadays acquainted. Wagner was cordially hated among Herr Baumann's patrons, Carmen Sylva of Roumania being the only exception. Of all the women of royalty whom he has photographed, he declares the Enfanta Eulalia of Spain to have been the most beautiful. She and her sister, the Enfanta Isabella, were almost alone in maintaining at all times the reserve and hauteur of their high station. "As a rule," he says, "I found the kings and queens and princesses unassuming and simple in manner—just like every-day folk," and "I found early in my experience that any sort of exaggerated respect or subserviency is disliked. Royalties generally like to be treated in a pleasant, friendly way. In fact . . . I think they found that having their pictures taken gave them an opportunity to be democratic." Queen Helena of Italy was always frank in her desire that the most should be made of her charms. Princess Gisella, daughter of Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria, was also very particular about

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her poses; she is described as being always superlatively well gowned and as possessing the smallest waist within the photographer's observation. Princess Theresa of Bavaria recounted often to Herr Baumann her great admiration for America and its people and their free and democratic ways of life. The writer's most enthusiastic reminiscences, naturally enough, concern the sittings given by Emperor William. The Kaiser takes his appointments with deep seriousness, his mind always on the effect he wishes to make in the eyes of his adoring subjects. Herr Baumann describes the latest of these occasions:

I was peremptorily summoned to Berlin and informed that the Kaiser desired a number of sittings. At that time the Kaiser was sitting to two painters, one Fleishman, the other an artist whose name I do not remember. With three assistants, whom I got so as to work quickly, I went to the palace one morning. We waited for five minutes in one of the anterooms. The two artists sat before their easels. Finally the door opened. The Kaiser, in the uniform of Hungarian Hussars, entered.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he said. His voice was resonant, commanding. In every gesture he showed the perfection of military affectation.

His gaze devoured us. When the Kaiser speaks he looks directly and deeply into your eyes. You feel he reads your mind.

"Where is the Court Photographer?" he said. I came forward.

"Where shall I stand—where is the light best?" he asked. It was as if he were giving a military order.

The Kaiser took his place. When he is photographed he voluntarily assumes the poses desired; he alters his expression as he wills; then he commands. He refuses to be photographed sitting—this position, in his opinion, lacking dignity. He likes photographs which reveal him with a tense commanding expression. Before the camera, from what I have observed, his main thought is of the effect his picture shall have, first, upon the Army, and then upon the people. Because of the two artists, who had begun work at their easels, I had difficulty in properly placing and focusing my camera. The Kaiser at once saw this.

"Baumann is nervous," said he. And addressing the artists, he commanded, "Gentlemen, please make place for the Court Photographer."

They retired. I moved the camera to various positions, working as quickly as possible, the three assistants handing me plates.

The Kaiser assumed one position after another, turning this way and that. He had already thought out the poses he desired; knew exactly what he wanted. Master of the situation, even before the camera, he changed his posture and expression with the art of a consummate actor. He was very particular about the curl of his mustache, often, between exposures, giving the ends a stiff upward twirl with his fingers.

"All right: go ahead, Baumann." It

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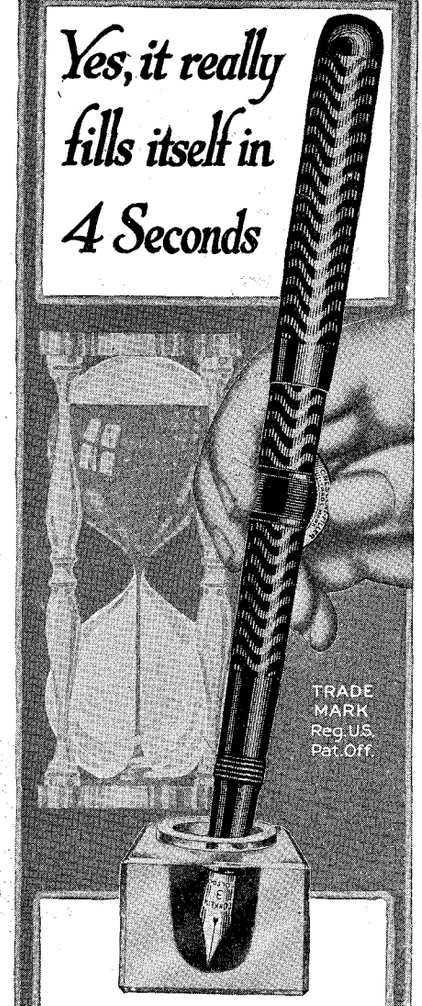

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was like taking a moving picture. Plates changed between me and my assistants with sleight-of-hand agility.

"Enough!" finally declared the Kaiser. In forty minutes I had taken thirty-five different photographs, all in different positions.

"I hope the photographs will be the kind I like," he said. "I will then give you an order."

When I received the proofs back I found he had personally made the most painstaking directions for retouching. He was particularly fastidious that every vestige of creases be touched out from his clothes, especially the sleeves. Most of the photographs showed him serious and grim of visage. Evidently he was pleased. His order that time amounted to $1,500. A number of enlargements were ordered for his regiments. Of all the photographs taken, those selected for this purpose represented him as being most rigidly commanding and formidably severe. Without question the Kaiser is a profound psychologist.

WAIFS OF WARFARE

THE Sargossa Sea, so long the pleasing haunt of the more fantastic of best-seller novelists, has loosed its moorings, drifted away from the fateful slow whirlpool of the Indian Ocean, and cast anchor in New York harbor. Here at least is a curious collection of shipping, caught in this back-water of international war, which might conceivably pass itself off as being nearly related to the mythical argosies of the Sea of Dead Ships. The New York *Press* explains:

From Ellis Island to Tottenville, in the Upper Bay, there is to be seen to-day a sight not equaled anywhere in the world. In this greatest port of this greatest neutral Nation lie strings of ships flying the flags of all the countries now grappling to the death in Europe. They are so close together that the proverbial biscuit could be tossed almost from one to the other, so close that scowls and hard words are communicated easily enough by the crews. Yet they lie in amity; the mantle of this Nation covers all alike.

It is a striking illustration of the part this country is playing—and we trust may continue to play—in this great war drama. Our aid in combat is given to no nation; our hospitality is extended to all.

Here are British tramps and German liners, Russian emigrant ships and French freighters, Austrian hookers and many others, their ensigns all fluttering. Some may grow weary of inaction, perhaps, and slip out past Sandy Hook, to brave the dangers of destruction or capture. How many will be afloat a year from now?

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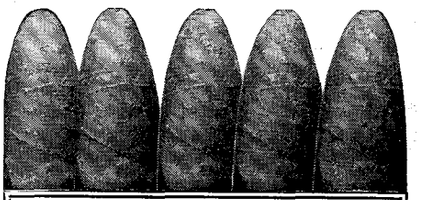

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

Unfair.—SOL—"Vell, then, I wish you the same as you vishes me."

IKEY—"There you are, Sol. Beginning it all over again."—*Modern Society.*

Hard Luck.—"You are not the boy who usually caddies for me?"

"No, sir. I tossed up wif 'im for yer."

"And you won?"

"No! I lost."—*London Mail.*

Suspicious.—"So your husband kept house and cooked his own meals while you were away. Did he enjoy it?"

"He says he did; but I notice that the parrot has learned to swear during my absence."—*Boston Transcript.*

Far from Home.—FIRST ARTIST—"The umbrella you lent me? I have lent it to a friend."

SECOND ARTIST—"That is very awkward. The man who lent it to my friend tells him that the owner wants it."—*Le Rire.*

Understandable.—"The President seems to be having a hard time among bankers and financiers securing members of the Federal Reserve Board."

"Yes. But you must remember that the idea of this board is to have on it only honest men."—*Life.*

A Warning.—Woman is certainly coming into her own. Even in tender romance she is exerting an influence.

The young man had just been accepted. In his rapture he exclaimed, "But do you think, my love, I am good enough for you?"

His strong-minded fiancée looked sternly at him for a moment and replied, "Good enough for me? You've got to be!"—*Judge.*

A War Lexicon.—In a letter to the editor of the New York *Sun* an anonymous writer gives the following important interpretations of various phrases of "Desperanto," or the language indulged in by frantic telegraph editors on American newspapers:

Terrific Slaughter—Sixteen French and seventeen Germans wounded.

Hurled Back—The withdrawal of an advanced outpost.

Thousands of Prisoners—Three German farmers arrested.

Deadly Air Battle—French aeroplane seen in the distance.

Gigantic Army of Invasion—Two troops of cavalry on a reconnaissance.

Overwhelming Force—A sergeant and a detail of twelve men.

Fierce Naval Battle—Mysterious sounds heard at sea.

Americans Outrageously Maltreated—One American asked to explain why his trunk contained maps of German roads.

Bottled Up—A fleet at anchor.

Trapped—An army in camp.

Rout—An orderly retreat.

Heroism—A failure of soldiers to run away in the face of danger.

Decisive Conflict—A skirmish of outposts.

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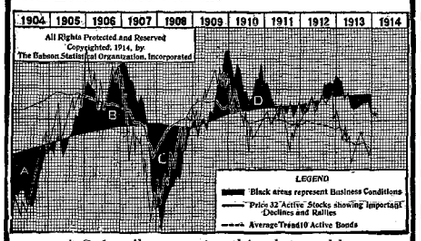
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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

THE WAR'S EFFECT ON OUR FOREIGN TRADE

WHILE the interruption of transatlantic traffic for the moment paralyzes this country's export trade by cutting us off from our best foreign customers, we are reminded by the New York *Financier* that this paralysis will be only temporary, and that ultimately our position in international commerce and finance will be greatly improved by Europe's disastrous war. Imports, it is pointed out, will be affected more than exports. *The Financier* makes the following analysis of the situation:

"The total of our import and export trade for the year ending June 30 last was 4,258 millions of dollars. This was almost equally divided as between exports and imports, the balance of trade in favor of the United States standing at 470½ millions.

"The origin and the distribution of this volume of business is general—that is, it covers a territory larger than that now affected by war, altho it must be said that the nations now engaged in conflict are by far our best customers, and we in turn buy the greater part of our imports from them. Taking the year 1913 as an illustration, the exports from the United States to Europe were valued at 1,479 million dollars. This is about 60 per cent. of our total export trade. To classify it would require too much space, but it may be pointed out that raw cotton alone made up more than one-third of the total exports to Europe. Of the balance of our export trade, North America—Canada mostly—took 25 per cent. of our exports, South America 6 per cent., and Asia less than 5 per cent. It will be seen, therefore, that about 40 per cent. of our export trade lies outside the affected war area. It is incredible to think that because war exists in Europe, our export trade to Europe will be more than partially stopt. Europe needs our trade now more than ever; the matter of cotton supplies is vital, and in every department of commerce the pressure to obtain quantities of manufactures the production of which is interfered with by the withdrawal of men for war purposes will be increased rather than diminished. The question of successful or continued shipment of these commodities depends largely on the ability of the nations affected to keep the ocean lines of travel free.

So far as imports are concerned, the United States draws a little less than half of its needs from Europe. About 20 per cent. come from Canada and from North American territory, 12 per cent. from South America, and between 15 and 16 per cent. from Asia. The problem underlying the question of shipment of exports applies also to imports into this country. It is almost a certainty, however, that imports will be affected more than exports; first, because the rise in prices abroad will have a tendency to cut down the total, and secondly, because the manufacture or production of goods abroad will be temporarily, but seriously, interfered with, by reason of the withdrawal of hundreds of thousands of men from their usual occupations. The imports into the United States from Europe, for the most part, are of a classification described as manufactured, or semimanufactured, while our imports from other countries are in the nature of food products or materials of a primary character.

So far as the general situation is concerned, this country will feel first the effect of interruption of food exports and of such commodities as cotton, mineral oils, etc., but as already stated, it is not to be expected that even with Europe at war such exports will be stopt altogether. As a matter of fact, the result probably will be a volume of exports almost as large as in normal seasons, and at enhanced prices. If this is true, and if, as is almost certain to occur, imports from Europe are to be lessened, then the final result must be the accumulation of a trade balance abroad greater than has been the case for the past year, and a corresponding enhancement of the wealth of this country, rather than its shrinkage. The whole problem rests largely on the ability of the United States or of other nations in keeping open and providing fully for transportation facilities.

"Important as our export and import trade are, the country does not depend altogether on it. The total production of the United States in any given twelvemonth is probably twenty times the amount of goods sold abroad. The amount sent overseas determines and regulates prices to an appreciable extent, but the United States is such a well-balanced nation that it is its own largest customer and its export trade, huge as the totals may seem when viewed singly, is in the nature of a drop in the bucket compared with the goods the people of this country exchange as between themselves. If this small portion of interrupted commerce gives us concern, think of what Europe has to face in the paralysis of trade, not only domestic, but foreign as well, and the terrific drain of capital occasioned by war.

"Even should the United States lose every dollar of export business within the next year, which it is utterly preposterous to assume, it would still be in a position so infinitely superior to the nations of Europe as to forbid all comparison. As pointed out in these columns before, Europe may be engaged in a struggle to change geographical boundaries, but when the map is completed, it will be found that the boundary defining the commercial and financial center of the world will have been transferred to the western hemisphere."

THE COST OF WAR

The present European war, according to estimates quoted in *The Financial World* (New York), is costing the nations involved a total of $25,000,000 a day—and these estimates take no account of the cost in human lives. In the same publication we find the following table, showing the cost of nine earlier wars in dollars and in lives:

Wars	*Duration in days*	*Loss of life*	*Cost in money*
England-France (1793–1815)	8,168	1,900,000	$6,250,000,000
Crimean War (1854–1856)	734	485,000	1,525,000,000
U. S. Civil War (1861–1865)	2,456	656,000	3,700,000,000
Franco-German (1870–1871)	405	290,000	1,580,000,000
Russo-Turkish (1877–1878)	334	180,000	950,000,000
U. S. Spanish War (1898)	101	2,910	*165,000,000
Boer War (1899–1902)	962	90,898	1,000,100,000
Russo-Japanese (1904–1905)	576	555,900	2,250,000,000
Balkan Wars	302	145,500	200,000,000

* United States only.

Another estimate, published in the New York *Herald*, places the daily cost to the nations now at war in Europe at $50,000,000 a day. *The Herald* writer goes on to say:

"The loss of untold thousands of lives of young men who are needed in the fields

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and workshops of Germany, France, Austria, Russia, and Great Britain, the nations engaged in the greatest war in history, will be equivalent, experts say, to the loss of billions of money in the crippling of industries all over Europe. The destruction of property of all kinds located in the pathway of the contending armies, not to speak of the destruction of costly warships, will foot up high in the billions, but how high even the most imaginative expert refuses to venture an opinion.

"When it is considered that in thirteen years the cost of maintenance of the armies and navies of the countries at war, as well as the cost of naval construction, has exceeded $20,000,000,000, some idea may be had of the expense attached to war and the preparations of European countries for just such contingencies as arose in Europe last week. The cost of the Panama Canal, one of the most useful aids to the commerce of the world, was approximately $370,000,000, but the expense of the preparations for war in Europe during the time it took to build the canal exceeded the cost of this gigantic undertaking nearly sixty to one.

"The wealth of the five nations at war is estimated at $270,000,000,000, and in thirteen years the cost of maintenance of armies and navies, naval construction and the like exceeded $20,000,000,000, or about 13 per cent. of the total wealth of the countries involved. The same money, if spent in the construction of railroads and extension of a merchant marine would have made all of these nations commercially the most powerful in the world. . . . . .

"This enormous expense which was incurred in preparation for war will now be rapidly increased to meet the expenses of actual warfare. The British House of Commons authorized war credits amounting to $1,025,000,000, while the German Reichstag voted $1,250,000,000. Austria and France have set aside vast sums for their respective war chests.

"In anticipation of trouble last year, Germany voted $250,000,000 for extraordinary war expenses and about $100,000,000 was spent on an aerial fleet. France has thus far spent $60,000,000 for the same purpose and American experts are now watching developments to ascertain if the money was judiciously spent. . . . . .

"It is expected that the taxes to meet the extraordinary expenses of the war will be quadrupled in Germany and France within the next six weeks. As business is at a standstill throughout Europe and every port of entry blocked, experts are wondering where the money is to come from. All agree that, when peace is declared and the figures are all in, the result financially will be staggering and that the heaviest burden it has ever borne will rest upon Europe for fifty years to come."

Illuminating, also, is a glance at the national debts of the countries involved—debts which, as the Milwaukee *Wisconsin* says, represent the unpaid balances of the cost of former wars and emergency loans for the purpose of increasing armaments:

	National debt	*Interest*
Austria-Hungary	$3,612,389,000	$144,496,000
France	6,286,435,000	192,762,000
Germany	1,224,158,000	41,981,000
Russia	4,507,071,000	180,283,000
Servia	135,886,221	6,115,000
England	3,389,577,000	101,060,000

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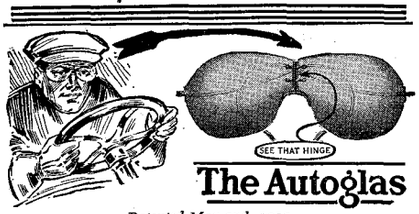

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June 30, 1914, their losses were estimated to have been over $3,000,000. It was contended by the companies, when the proposed reduction was under consideration, that the reduction of 16 per cent. in their rates, combined with the parcel post, would be most disastrous. They were unaminous in making vigorous protests. So strong was their feeling that at one time they were seriously considering a resort to the courts for an injunction on the ground that the lower rates would be confiscatory. The Interstate Commerce Commission then contended that losses in revenue would be overcome by an increase in business due to cheaper rates.

At last the companies consented to make a test of the new rates, as a sort of experiment, but in the hope that a demonstration of their losses would ultimately secure a return to better rates. *The Journal of Commerce* recently made inquiries as to the latest results of operations under the reduced rates and found that the predicted increase of business had "absolutely failed to materialize." Following are some of the facts drawn from its inquiry:

"As a matter of fact, figures as to the outbound business done in and around the metropolitan district of New York show that the ratio of increase in gross business to the decrease in revenues stands at about 8 to 13, in computing the respective percentages.

"During the nine-month period ending June 30, the operating income of the American Express Company fell from $689,568 to a deficit of $607,898. During the single month of March, 1914, the first after the effectiveness of the lower rates, the revenues of the American suffered a loss of $128,486, according to the latest returns received from Washington.

"The statistics also show that the Adams Express Company, during the first nine months of the fiscal year, ran down its operating income from $172,296 to a deficit of $567,765, of which $116,329 was incurred during the month of March. The Great Northern, owned and operated by the Great Northern Railroad as a part of its transportation system, suffered a reduction in operating income from $194,678 to $144,270 and represents one of the best examples of the companies operating at a profit many long-haul routes.

"The Southern Express Company, which also operates many profitable long-haul routes, was affected by the lower rates and parcel-post competition to the extent of realizing a decline in operating income from $992,717 to $640,404. The Wells Fargo Express Company, which, together with the other large companies, recently took over some of the mileage formerly operated by the now defunct United States Express Company, lost about $515,000 in operating income, the figures for the nine-month period of the last fiscal year being $814,622, as against an operating income of $1,301,088 for the corresponding nine-month period of the preceding fiscal year.

"To put the situation of the express companies for the first nine months of the fiscal year in a brief way, it may be said that the companies operating in the South and the West have suffered heavy losses of revenue, but still remain out of the deficit column, while the larger companies operating in the East are finding themselves sinking deeper and deeper into the deficit column. As has been said, the salvation of the Western and Southern companies is mainly due to their possession and operation of profitable long-haul routes."

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CURRENT EVENTS

European War

August 6.—Italy notifies Great Britain that she will remain neutral, despite Austria's claims.

The German attack on Liège, Belgium, continues, with heavy German losses.

The British cruiser *Amphion* is reported sunk off the coast of Holland, as a result of striking a floating mine; 130 men are lost.

A German squadron is reported as bombarding Helsingfors, Finland.

The Cunarder *Mauretania*, fleeing from capture, puts in at Halifax, accompanied by the White Star liner *Cedric*.

The Secretaries of the State, Navy, War, and Treasury Departments are appointed by President Wilson as a board in charge of the relief measures for American tourists.

August 7.—The English Ambassador leaves Berlin. Violent anti-English demonstrations are reported there.

The Germans before Liège request a twenty-four hour armistice, to allow the dead and wounded to be cared for, but it is not granted.

August 8.—A French detachment invades Alsace, skirmishing with German forces in the neighborhood of Altkirch and Mühlhausen.

August 9.—The city of Liège is entered by the German forces. The attack on the forts of Liège is suspended, pending the arrival of German siege guns.

August 10.—As the result of the approach of an Austrian army through southern Germany, France declares a state of war to exist between Austria and France.

The British Admiralty informs the Mayor of Birmingham that the new cruiser *Birmingham* has sunk *U-15*, the first German submarine to meet disaster.

The Canadian Government at Ottawa receives orders for the immediate transportation of 10,000 volunteers to England.

The French deploy Turcos, native troops from Algeria, in the Alsatian invasion.

August 11.—European war reports give the situation in various localities as follows: the German army of the Moselle facing the French near Longwy; Germans in possession of Landen, a railroad point ten miles from Louvain, the headquarters of the Belgian army; French and English forces supposed to be at Namur; the French invasion of Alsace checked beyond Mühlhausen, with a French loss of ground; the Russian forces occupying small border towns in East Galicia and invading Transylvania in Austria; Austrian troops advancing upon Warsaw, in Russian Poland; the Austrians being driven completely out of Servian territory, and Servians occupying the Bosnian town of Serajevo.

August 12.—England declares a state of war to exist between that country and Austria.

The concentration of German troops along the Netherlands frontier rouses much disturbance in Holland and causes Belgium to ask Holland's intentions in the event of violated neutrality.

A new Austrian ambassador, Baron Karl von Macchio, has been appointed to Rome.

Mexico

August 7.—Provisional President Carbajal issues a statement opposing General Carranza's demand for an unconditional surrender of Mexico City. He receives word from Secretary of State Bryan commending his course of action and assuring him of the moral support of the United States.

August 9.—Representatives of Brazil, Guatemala, Great Britain, and France, together with Governor Iturbide and a Carranza envoy, meet in Mexico City to consider means to hasten a satisfactory surrender of the city to the Constitutionalist forces.

August 12.—General Carranza orders to be held at Tampico a large consignment of ammunition consigned to General Villa.

Washington

August 6.—The death of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson occurs at the White House.

August 7.—The Senate confirms the appointment of Messrs. Warburg and Delano, completing the total Federal Reserve Board membership.

August 8.—The President selects C. S. Hamlin as governor and F. A. Delano as vice-governor of the Federal Reserve Board.

August 10.—Brief and simple funeral services are held for Mrs. Woodrow Wilson in the East Room of the White House.

President Wilson formally transmits to the Senate the Nicaraguan treaty for canal rights.

August 11.—The Senate passes the emergency ship bill, admitting foreign-built ships to American registry.

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"P. H.," New York.—"What, if any, is the distinction between 'at last' and 'at length'? Please differentiate or explain the point."

You will find these prepositional phrases defined in place in the NEW STANDARD DICTIONARY under *last* (p. 1392, col. 3). The phrase, *at last*, is defined as meaning "in the end; finally"; and also, "at the end of life." Under *length* (p. 1416, col. 1), the phrase, *at length*, is defined as meaning "after a great while; finally; at last"; and also, "at full length; without omission or contraction." From the foregoing it may be deduced that *at last* emphasizes finality, whereas *at length* emphasizes not only a period of waiting but the attainment of the end of that period.

Dr. James C. Fernald, in his "Connectives of English Speech," says (page 56): "*At last—at length:* These two prepositional phrases are quite distinct in meaning and are not, in strict usage, interchangeable. The assumption that *at length* means the same as *at last*, and is therefore superfluous, is an error. Both *at length* and *at last* presuppose long waiting; but *at last* views what comes after the waiting as a *finality; at length* views it as *intermediate* with reference to action or state that continues, or to results that are yet to follow; as, 'I have invited him often, and *at length* he is coming'; 'I have invited him often, and *at last* he has come'; '*At length* he began to recover'; '*At last* he died.' '*At last* he concluded' is correct, but '*At last* he began' would seem somewhat grotesque. 'Scarce thus *at length* failed speech recovered sad.'—Milton, *Paradise Lost*, bk. iv, 1, 357. 'O, then, *at last* relent.'—Milton, *Paradise Lost*, bk. iv, 1, 79. '*At length* the freshening western blast, Aside the shroud of battle cast.'—Scott, *Marmion*, can. 6, st. 26. 'There *at last* it lay, the bourn of my long and weary pilgrimage.'—R. F. Burton, *El Medinah*, ch. 25, p. 389. 'All work must be done *at last*, not in a disorderly, scrambling, doggish way, but in an ordered, soldierly, human way.'—Ruskin, *Crown of Wild Olive*, let. i, p. 26. 'Every hero becomes a bore *at last*.'—Emerson, *Representative Men, Uses of Great Men*, p. 26. '*At last* as marble rock he standeth still.'—Tasso, *Godfrey of Bulloigne*, tr. by Fairfax, bk. vi, st. 27.

"W. L. B.," New York.—The birth of such a man as Verdi was not a great event in history, for he was the son of an innkeeper and tobacconist. But the death of Verdi was an important event in history because at that time he had become one of the world's greatest men.

"I. S. R.," New Orleans, La.—To *forfeit* is, in general, to lose title to or possession of through failure to fulfil some obligation or condition. To *confiscate* is to appropriate (private property) as forfeited to the public use or treasury, especially because of the wrong-doing of the owner. The sense of *forfeit* meaning "to cause one to suffer forfeiture" is obsolete except in history.

"H. C. L.," Eastbranch, N. Y.—The *dasheen* is a tuberous-rooted taro, usually of dwarf habit. The word is from the French West-Indian dialect *da Chine*, meaning "from China."

"H. W. L.," Hanover, N. H.—The word *sibling* has been out of use since 1425. It is an obsolete term the equivalent of which to-day is *kin* or *relative*. Any modern use of *sibling* is an attempt to revivify a word long since dead.

"C. S.," Philadelphia.—A waterfall is not merely a body of water falling through the air; it is, in addition, a scarf or necktie with long drooping ends, or a chignon with pendent curls.

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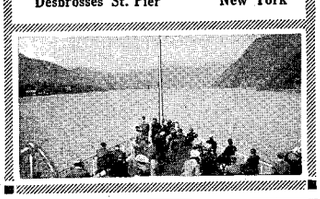

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